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The Front Page

NOTHING dismays a people like the failure of a bank.

It produces in most men's minds an unconfessed distrust of everybody and everything, especially in a country like ours, where failures are so infrequent and where the safeguards are supposed to be so ample. The collapse of the Ontario Bank will entail no loss whatever on depositors, nor on the holders of the bank bills—whatever the loss may be, it will fall on the shareholders. The shareholders, however, are scattered all over Canada, many of them hold but small amounts, and are persons not prepared to stand loss. The value of the stock seemed to be guaranteed by the showing the bank made in its returns to the Government, and people bought it with confidence—with increasing confidence as the returns put on an always improving appearance, and as the directors increased the dividends. People said that there could be no flaw in these returns, because falsification was a mighty serious offence under the law. When the Ville Marie Bank failed in Montreal a few years ago, Mr. William Weir, although the deluded victim of his manager, who had been gambling in stocks, and although he was upwards of eighty years of age, was sentenced to twenty-one months in jail. The signing of false returns is, then, a serious business for those who sign them, but perhaps even more serious to the investors who read these returns and repose faith in them. The accountants find that the returns furnished the Government by the Ontario Bank have not been accurate for five years past. In June, the directors declared an increased dividend, and since that time the shares of the bank have changed hands more freely than formerly. The directors seem to have been deceived by the rosy figures laid before them. Yet it will have a most unfortunate appearance if it is found that any of those in control of the affairs of the institution have sold out their holdings since the dividend was increased. A man might do this without having the slightest suspicion of any unsoundness in the concern, yet we may depend upon it that those who have bought shares in this bank since June are in no mood to put a charitable construction on anything of that kind, should it be disclosed as enquiry proceeds.

President Cockburn, in an interview, has said that it is humanly impossible for the president of a bank to know that the statement he signs is correct—he must trust others and accept their assurances, it being impossible for him to ascertain the accuracy of the host of facts embodied in a report. That is true. No human being could, as president of a bank, personally examine all the affairs of a bank and all its branches. But as a bank president assumes so great a risk when affixing his signature to one of these documents—one of the most serious risks and one of the greatest responsibilities assumed by any man in business—it is taken for granted that he will make dead sure that he is trusting persons worthy of being trusted. When a bank president practically pledges his life and liberty on the accuracy of the return which he signs and transmits to the Government, the assumption is that he takes whatever measures are necessary to give himself absolute confidence in the trustworthiness of all who serve under him. That is why the law is so severe—the law is severe in order that there shall be somebody who will make it his serious business to trust nobody without the amplest reasons.

Owing to the collapse of this ill-fated bank, a few thoughtless voices are raised in favor of an investigation into all similar institutions. It would be a foolish and fatal act. Nothing else could give this prosperous country so swift and sure a knock-down blow. Distrust would spread everywhere. Rumors would gallop down every wind. Nor is there anything in this affair, except an old, old story with the inevitable ending. So far from the collapse of this bank causing uneasiness, the details attending its winding up will be cited in other countries as a shining proof of the excellence of our banking system, which caught the falling bank as it fell and laid it noiselessly aside, without allowing a day's disturbance of business throughout the country. Scarcely anywhere else could this have happened. The failure in itself carries the needed lesson home to those in want of it. Bank presidents learn that they are answerable for the returns made to the Government; directors learn that their office should be more than honorary and ornamental; shareholders learn that they should not be too free with their proxies, but should vote for directors who will represent them in fact as in name, and protect their interests. Other banks that have to come forward in case of mishap, will devise plans to prevent mishaps. The net result will be that our banks will be safer than ever.

A READER in British Columbia writes me to say that he does not approve my recent article in which it was said that Canada is a white man's country, and that yellow men ought to be kept out of it. "Your article," he writes, "was not at all what the majority of employers in this province think. We need 10,000 more Chinese to do work we cannot get white laborers to do. But we do not want any Hindus, who are worthless, lazy, dirty, fanatics; one Chinaman is worth a dozen of them." The dispute is not as to the respective demerits of two inferior races—keep them both out of this white man's country. This will only be a white man's country if we make it so. It was once ranged by red men, but we took it from them, and it is ours, if we can keep it. The employers in British Columbia are favorable to the admission of Chinese because these yellow fellows are great workers, cheap, docile, reliable. These toilers may be described as a great human convenience in a new country. They do not rank in the estimation of those who employ them, as fellow-men and brethren, but as a faithful, though inferior, race. Like the horse and the mule, they are considered indispensable. However, they are not horses, nor are they indispensable. They are an inferior race of men like the Africans who were brought over in thousands to the Southern States and now constitute a serious and permanent danger to the neighboring republic. It was easy to build up a temporary prosperity in the South by the use of negro labor, and a wealthy aristocracy quickly

arose with the cheap labor of black men as its basis and support. But it could not last. These African and Asiatic races breed faster than our own, and they can subsist on very little. The negro is now the blight of the South. Yellow men would be more dangerous than black ones, for the latter were frivolous and trifling, while the former are industrious, plodding, patient. They will hold whatever ground they gain. If we let them in, we shall never get them out, and yellow will spread up the valleys and across the hills of British Columbia. Nor will they always toil with their hands for white employers, but will acquire wealth, make their leaders powerful, and crowd white weaklings to the wall. Coolies are wanted now in British Columbia to work in the fisheries, mines, and on railway construction, and if they are brought in for these purposes we shall find them in a few years swarming over the West, gathering those great harvests which are easier to sow than to reap. For a very long time the vast resources of Canada were being developed with regrettable slowness, and now we seem to be ready to proceed faster than the labor of our hands is capable of doing. Big schemes are afoot; we have the capital and we have the men to direct all manner of enterprises, but we have not the army of day laborers. We can get them cheap from

Empire said the other day that "the opinion is expressed that it was Mr. Hyman who induced the law officers of the Insurance Commission to investigate the private business of members of Parliament, and to give it a hearing that was unwarranted." Here the *Mail* throws a protection over the group of Conservative members of Parliament whose dealings were exposed before the Finance Commission. The readers of that paper are said to sympathize with these members of the party, on the ground that their "private business" was dragged into the light at the instigation of a political foe. The *Brockville Recorder* reproduces the *Mail's* remarks as showing "the real reason for the Ontario Government pursuing Mr. Hyman just now." Mr. Hyman needed to be pursued, the methods by which he was elected needed to be exposed. Any man who does not feel gratified because these crooked election proceedings have been made public, should look to himself. The "private business" of those Conservative members of Parliament needed investigation, and the man who does not experience a sense of gratification because they have been made to toe the mark, should look to himself. Both these investigations were called for in the interests of decency, and if right-minded people are numerous in the country, it is folly to seek to prejudice the

in charge of the polling booths of a constituency in an election should be its most honorable citizens, and these the returning officers would choose. The party, and its ward committees, would select quite another class of persons.

PEOPLE in all parts of Canada were familiar with the two buildings of the Canadian National Exhibition that were burned down on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. Daily during the fortnight of the Fair from fifteen to thirty thousand people witnessed the performances that took place before the grand stand. All that now remains of it is a row of steel pillars. The old main building, too, was destroyed. In its time it was regarded as a pretty fine structure, and was pretentiously known as the Crystal Palace, but of recent years much finer buildings have sprung up on the grounds and made it look commonplace. Its destruction places at the disposal of the Fair authorities the finest site on the premises.

The reader need not take too much stock in the report that the Fair buildings were fired by an incendiary, although this opinion is promoted by those in authority. The incendiary theory is a convenient one, exculpating the municipal authorities and Fair management, for how could they guard against the malevolent cunning of such a madman as he who would put a torch to these buildings on such a night? But the fire could have occurred without any deliberate act of incendiarism; there was plenty of room for carelessness to get in its work. The place is used as a public park, and although covered with empty buildings, there is probably no park in the city so little patrolled by the police. There were soldiers quartered in one of the buildings; there were horses stabled in the sheds—the gates were wide open to all kinds of comers. There is talk about a mysterious man on a bicycle who rode early away from the fire and back again, and, when spoken to, predicted that all the buildings would be burned. With so strong a wind blowing, who would not make that prediction? The man who would start such a fire would scarcely ride a wheel back and forth in the glare, making suspicious remarks. No doubt, he was a quite honest fellow, excited and talkative. It is argued that the second building would not have caught fire from the first, because other buildings in the middle-ground escaped, but I have met two eye-witnesses who saw the start of the fire in the second building, when the blaze was no bigger than the palm of a man's hand. The blaze started in a window; it was a cinder, not incendiarism, that burnt the "Crystal Palace."

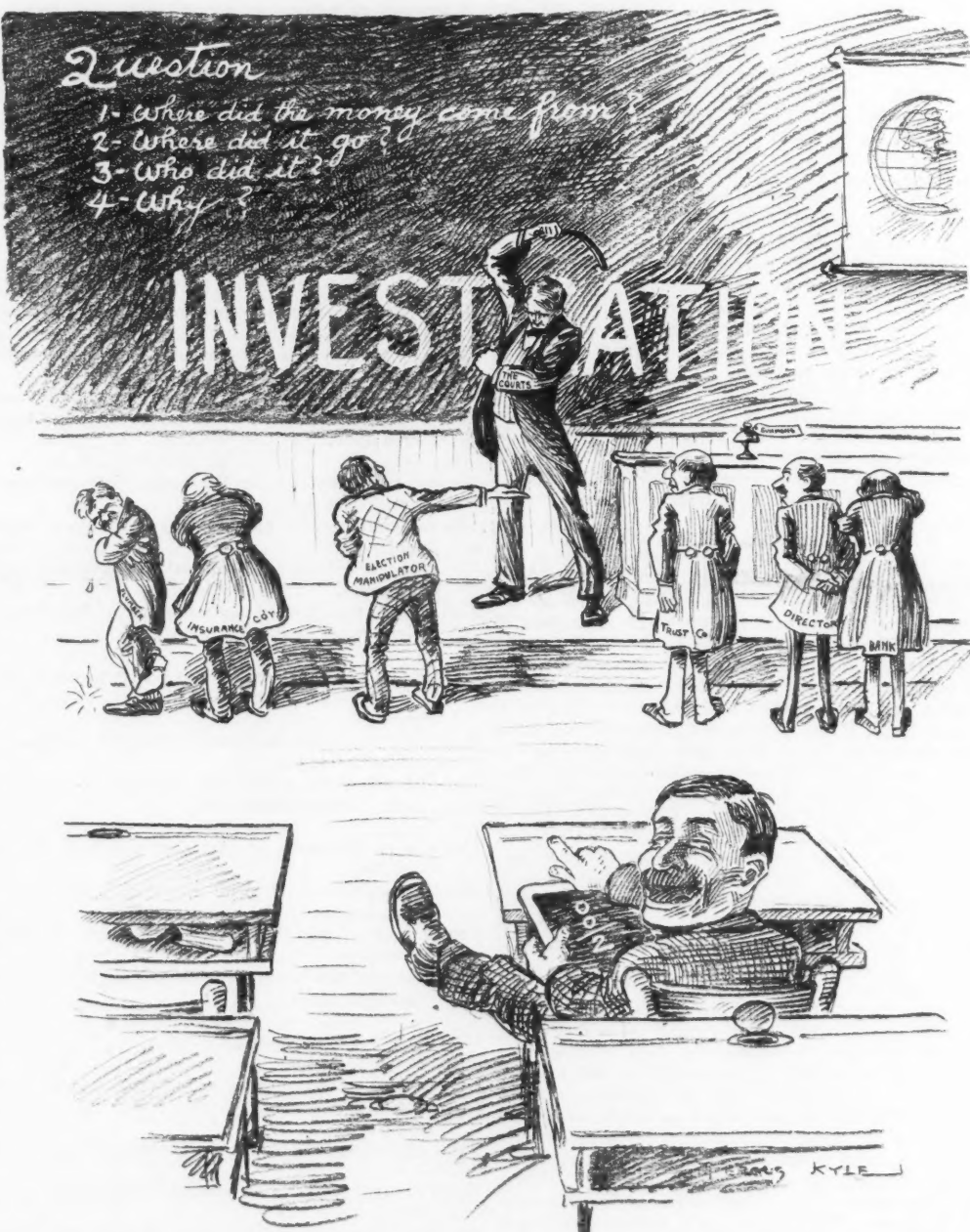
The new grand stand should be a cement structure, wholly fire-proof. Two or three years ago the rising up of a harmless curl of smoke caused a crowd of boys to give the alarm of fire, and ten thousand people rose up and hung threateningly on the verge of panic. Nothing saved hundreds in that crowd from being trampled to death, except the fact that in that instant, no sign of smoke or fire was anywhere to be seen, which enabled scores of men, who realized the danger, and held their seats, to shout sensible advice to the swaying multitude. The grand stand should be fire-proof—so completely fire-proof that all who enter it will feel the safety of it with their feet, and see it wherever their eyes turn. It is not enough that people shall be safe; they must have the sense of security, for it is not fire, but panic, that kills.

THE character of a newspaper is revealed as much in the advertisements it prints as in the news it publishes, or the editorial opinions it expresses. When a newspaper rents part of its space to an advertiser, it makes of itself a medium through which the advertiser can transact business with the paper's readers—the publisher, for pay, becoming the agent of the advertiser, and recommending him and his wares to all those whom the paper reaches. This is the actual nature of the transaction. There is no getting away from it.

One would suppose, then, that each publisher and each editor would have a lively sense of responsibility in the matter of accepting advertisements, and would see to it that they do not assist sharpers to prey upon their clients, for the readers of a newspaper may properly be spoken of as its clients, its customers, its friends. However, in too many cases, the newspaper of to-day seems to have thrown off nearly all responsibility in this connection, and practically accepts the advertisement of anybody who can pay the price. There are partial exceptions, no doubt, but as a rule the reader has to learn by experience that he must protect himself, and read with the utmost distrust many of the most seductive advertisements in his favorite newspaper.

But if the cheap modern dailies derive their revenue from their advertisers, and not from their readers, one might suppose that there would arise out of this condition a corrective. It might be supposed that legitimate business firms contributing as largely as they do to the revenues of a public journal, would deserve a degree of consideration in that quarter, which, united with the interest of the reader, would suffice to exclude fake advertising, which may be described as the kind that is designed to pull the reader's leg, or, in other words, humbug him out of his money. Reputable business houses cannot desire to make their announcements side by side with all kinds of gold-brick propositions and confidence games. They may submit to it, but they cannot like it.

There are several kinds of advertisements that are refused admission to the columns of *SATURDAY NIGHT*, and we believe, not only that this is right, but that it pays. A leading merchant, on looking over the last issue of this paper, said: "You have the finest lot of first-class advertising ever carried in a Canadian newspaper." The fact must be apparent to the reader. The advertising columns of this paper offer a fairly complete directory of the best business houses in Canada, and this is largely accounted for by the fact that all "queer" advertising is excluded from these pages. On opening this subject, my purpose was not to talk shop, but to discuss the general question of responsibility involved in the publication of paid advertisements that are meant to delude, deceive, and defraud people. It is poor business. It weakens popular confidence in journalism; it reduces the drawing power of advertising in general. The honest advertiser addresses



R. R. GAMEY: "Those are the fellows who enjoyed the proceedings so much when I was being investigated, not so very long ago."

China, and get them at once—as the Southern States got negroes from Africa. We can get them as fast as ships can carry them, and their coming will produce a hasty and flushed prosperity. But it will not be the real thing. These people will not possess value as citizens, and when once fastened on the country will retard its development. In Europe, doing badly, able to do little more than eke out an existence, are millions of whites, and they will come to us, and their children will make good citizens. It is only of late that Canada has held out attractions to them, and we cannot complain because at the first moment we need them they are not here. The white races need Canada for their good, and the good of the world, and our present necessities in respect of labor, should be the means of drawing tens of thousands away from overcrowded Europe. White men ask more pay than Chinese, but they spend what they earn, and join with us in making a nation.

IT is unfortunate that so many of our newspapers, at a time like this, should make organs of themselves and play party tunes, instead of throwing their influence on the side of decency in politics and business. Some newspapers on both sides have spoken out manfully, as is shown from comments reproduced on page 2 of this issue. But too many newspapers are playing false to good morals, and are trying to deceive their readers into the belief that there is nothing wrong except with "the other party." A party newspaper can serve the cause of decency only by indulging in plain speech concerning the doings of its own party. If it condones the wrong-doing of its own side, all its lofty talk goes for nothing, and it makes itself the champion of all political wrong-doing. The *Mail* and

public mind against those who were responsible for either investigation. Public opinion will condemn, not the prosecutors, but the offenders.

IN my article of last week dealing with the career of Prof. Pritchett, the eminent instructor in the art of winning elections by sleight-of-hand, I fell into the error of saying that the "Professor" acted as a deputy returning officer under the name of Johnston in the Brockville bye-election. It was not in Brockville, but in West Elgin that Pritchett, under an assumed name, was given charge of a polling booth. Nothing of this kind occurred in Brockville, and nothing in the evidence reflected in any way upon the honor of Sheriff Dana, who, I am told, acted as returning officer in that election, although Pritchett and others were there, practising, as far as they could, their usual arts.

It used to be supposed that when a sheriff or somebody else was named as returning officer for an election, he chose his own deputies, and was careful to select men on whose probity he could rely. But all this has been changed, it seems, and probably the change has been made because returning officers selected deputies who were not willing to serve improper party ends. Witnesses from London say that ward committees now hand the returning officer the names of the men he is to place in charge of polling booths. This is contrary to the whole intention and spirit of our election system. The ward committees and the party managers should have nothing to do with this matter, and the official who is sworn to be the impartial referee, the upright umpire of the contest, should be entirely free to select deputies who will discharge their duties with the most scrupulous fairness. The men who are placed

a public that has learned to be skeptical. The publisher has greatly reduced the value of the "publicity" he has to sell, by selling it to unworthy persons, and placing it at the disposal of imposters. Every week this paper refuses to publish advertisements that are printed in other newspapers. Mining boomsters who are trying to work up a fever of speculation, cannot rent space in this paper. We do not believe in their boom—would not editorially advise readers to gamble in mining shares, and decline to rent our help to the boom at so much per line. Patent medicines that pretend to cure incurable diseases, that boast of miracles and marvellous cures, that deceive the dying and rob the poor, cannot rent space in these columns in order to push their miserable trade. Get-rich-quick men, Shylock money-lenders, palmists, fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, secret cure people—fakirs who want you to send them a stamp so they can get at you with a pamphlet that will scare the liver out of you by describing as dangerous the symptoms that are inseparable from human existence—these people are not allowed to annoy the readers of this paper with announcements that offend the intelligent and trap the inexperienced. Among daily newspapers the better the paper the more strict is its censorship over its advertising columns. This statement might be revised to read: The more strict its censorship of its advertising columns, the better the newspaper; and there will be more regard paid to this matter presently. Honest advertisers will complain; intelligent readers will protest; editors will argue with publishers—the thing, reaching the dimensions of an abuse, will be remedied.

RUMOR has it that Schurman of Cornell is to come to Toronto as the new President of the University. Perhaps this story got its start from the fact that Mr. Schurman has been in the city lately in conference with the Board of Governors, but it may be that he came over merely as an adviser. Mr. Schurman of Cornell is the kind of man who would be sure to have a candidate on his hands for such a position as the one in question, although it is difficult to think that he is in the field himself, and ready to leave Cornell for Toronto. He is a Nova Scotian by birth, but has developed into a pronounced American. We are too quiet for him here. He would miss the din of the republic; he would pine for the New York interviewer; he would mope for lack of cross-the-table chats with Presidents and other lofty persons. He wouldn't come, but, no doubt, he would be willing to send somebody.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER has received some hard knocks from English editors for appearing at T. P. O'Connor's meeting at Ottawa and speaking in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. Most Canadians believe that Ireland should have a provincial legislature, and will not be, and cannot be, happy without it; most of us feel that there would be no danger, but a gradually increasing benefit in giving Ireland home rule in home affairs. Out here we have had some experience in these matters. No stir has been made in this country, therefore, by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's remarks on the Irish question, for he has merely said what he has said before, and what rival political leaders vie with each other in saying on this subject. And yet, it would be as well, perhaps, if the Premier of Canada kept clear of such a question, and refrained from giving offence to that influential section of the British public opposed to Home Rule. They regard this as a domestic question, and can see no reason why the Premier of Canada should butt into it. Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues at Ottawa, when urged to forward Chamberlain's proposals, have replied that they do not desire to meddle in British party politics. It was an excellent stand to take, and it should be adhered to all along the line. This country has more to lose than gain by intermeddling.

RECENT revelations have induced some party newspapers to speak out their real minds in a way entirely unusual, and the effect cannot fail to be for good. A political party cannot exist without the support of its press, and no form of political crookedness will be continued after the party newspapers refuse to attempt any concealment or excuse of it. The editors of the country have this responsibility on them, and they begin to show a consciousness of it. The *Windsor Record* (Lib.) says that the malign influences that ultimately destroyed the Ross Government had their origin in London, and for years that place has been a hotbed for all that was crooked in election matters. It goes on to suggest that Mr. Hyman or some of his friends must have known or been suspicious of what was going on under their noses. "The cold fact is," says the *Record*, in an attempt to explain what is the matter with its party, "that Ontario is no longer efficiently represented in the Dominion Government. Her Ministers are either *passé* or in their novitiate, and as such exert little influence on the political life of the Province. Scott, Cartwright, Paterson, Aylesworth, they are all personally and politically above reproach, but the first three have earned their release. Mr. Scott never revealed any pronounced individuality, never appreciably influenced the party's policy. Sir Richard, himself the man of figures *par excellence*, has sunk to the position of a cipher among the digits; Mr. Paterson was a tower of strength in his day, clean, and incorruptible, but the Patersonian thunder no longer dismays the enemy. Mr. Aylesworth's legal ability is beyond question, but up to the time of his call to office he was unknown and without experience in politics, because immersed in his profession. He may develop into a very useful and even a brilliant Minister, but even this remains to be demonstrated."

The mischief of it is that when a party newspaper honestly expresses its mind, dishonest and hostile use is made of its words, but so long as journalists fear that risk, their influence will be small. The *Edmonton Journal* (Con.), says: "The insurance investigation now going on in Toronto has placed a number of Conservative politicians in a very unenviable light. . . . The *Journal* believes that of practical politicians of this calibre the whole country is heartily sick and tired, and that the ultimate victory is right now within the grasp of the party which will have the courage to scrape off its barnacles, no matter what has to go along with them, and offer clean and honest methods to the electorate, not in name and word only for a catching election cry, but in very deed and truth, both in office and out of it. If this is impractical politics, it is, at all events, worth a trial by Conservatives. It cannot, at all events, put us in any worse hole than our practical politicians have landed us in time and time again for the last ten years."

The *Woodstock Sentinel-Review* (Lib.) says: "The deeper the probe goes into the London election business the more evidence of corruption there is brought to light. . . . There is no use seeking to escape the facts. They must eventually be faced and dealt with. It will not do to say that the other side is just as bad, or that the Liberals were compelled to resort to the methods that have

been exposed in the present investigation in order to hold their own. . . . Even if it can be shown that the Conservatives are as deep in the mud as the Liberals are in the mire, that will be no excuse for the Liberals. Liberals in the past have been proud of their traditions, proud of their accomplishments, jealous of their honor. They cannot afford to be less proud or less jealous to-day. . . . If it is necessary to teach any of the leaders or workers in the Liberal party that the party at heart is honest and earnest, and jealous of its honor, the sooner the lesson is taught the better. Even if the lesson should be a bitter one, eventually it will be a wholesome one."

This kind of talk from foremost party newspapers will do more to help along reform, than ten times as much from the independent press. Most men are partisans, but most men are honest, and there are but few who favor rascality in politics. Yet most men, being partisans, are ready to be misled by party newspapers that conceal, gloss over, and extenuate the offences of their own political friends.

The *Toronto Star* (Lib.) considers the existing election laws so framed as to permit of corruption. The State does not pursue and punish corruption as if it meant to put an end to it. The *Star* says: "The laws against corruption are ineffective because their basis is radically wrong. They deal with an election as if it were a private contest between two parties for a piece of property. Smith, the defeated candidate, says he has been cheated out of the seat. He takes proceedings at his own expense, as if he were trying to recover possession of a horse. When he has proved enough cases of corruption to void the election his interest ceases. These acts of corruption are treated as private wrongs, not as crimes against the people. The crime, so far as it is revealed, is condoned, and the greater part of it is not revealed. The procedure is enormously expensive and ridiculously ineffective. The voiding of the election is neither punishment nor remedy. The bye-election which follows is often more corrupt than the election that has been set aside; in fact, the worst cases of fraud and corruption have occurred in bye-elections. All this clumsy, weak, and expensive procedure should be abolished, and a new procedure instituted, framed upon the principle that fraud and corruption are public wrongs and crimes, and ought to be punished as murder and robbery are punished. Proceedings should be taken in the name of the Crown, and at the public expense. If the Crown officials neglect to move of their own accord, any citizen of Canada in or out of the constituency should be in a position to compel them to act; just as any citizen may lay an information against a thief or an incendiary."

"It is weak, cowardly, and false," concludes the *Star*, "to say that fraud and corruption are unavoidable evils. They have existed simply because public men were not in earnest about stamping out these crimes. A parliament of Denisons would make short work of them." That's about the size of it. The remedy is for the people to hold each candidate personally responsible for everything that occurs in his campaign. If a man is allowed to beg off on the plea that he did not know what was being done to ensure his election, lots of things will continue to be done that candidates will "not know about." They will be careful not to find out anything they do not want to know. Somebody else will keep track of such matters for them.

MACK.

First Typewriters in Canada.

Editor Saturday Night.—I read with considerable interest, the article in your issue of the 13th inst., headed "The First Typewriter." Perhaps some further interest to your readers might attach itself to an account of the first introduction of typewriters into Canada, which occurred about 1874. At that time Messrs. R. G. Dun & Co. and the G. N. W. Telegraph Co. occupied adjoining offices at the corner of Scott and Wellington streets. These concerns obtained three or four typewriters from a large number which were purchased in New York by R. G. Dun & Co. A man named Pollock was brought from New York by Dun's manager, Mr. W. C. Matthews, to instruct the Toronto staff in the use of the new commercial implement. This man Pollock possessed considerable inventive genius, and added a number of devices to the office arrangements of Dun's, which are now in practically general use among business houses. One of these was the vertical filing system.

The fact that the early makers of typewriters had been associated with the sewing machine industry, is borne out by the earlier models, which were fitted with a pedal, by means of which the spacing was done. Pollock saw that this was an inconvenient arrangement, and replaced it with a scheme to operate the spacing apparatus by hand. This was adopted, with some improvements, by the manufacturers of the typewriter, and resulted in the thumb-spacing bar which is universal now.

Previous to the introduction of the typewriter, reports of the Mercantile Agency were written in immense ledgers in longhand, although some easily understood abbreviations were permitted. The offices were equipped with long sloping counters, and it was the custom for subscribers, or their confidential clerks, to come to the office and copy from these immense ledgers, the information they required. It is interesting to note that there are to-day several men in the Canadian offices whose handwriting appears on the ledgers of the early sixties, and comparison shows that some of them still write the same fine copperplate hand with scarcely any change. It is also pleasing to note that many of the fine old business men, or their descendants, who were familiar to the employees of that date, still stand for everything that is high in the business life of Canada. Yours very truly, K.

Forrest F. Dryden, a son of the president of the Prudential Insurance Company, stated under oath that one of the owners of that company who, in the late seventies, paid in, in cash, \$2,200, had made a profit, twenty-five years later, of \$327,163.60. The rate of profit in this case is 14.800 per cent.—a rate which must seem colossal to the policy-holder who has taken advantage of the savings feature of that company and bought an endowment policy, and who has never received as much as 4 per cent.

Mr. A. W. Roebuck, of New Liskeard, writes: "You are indeed doing well with *SATURDAY NIGHT*. I trust that your circulation is improving to keep pace with your advertisements and reading quality."

Mr. Harrison Arrell, of Caledonia, writes: "I wish to express my appreciation of the improvements made in *SATURDAY NIGHT* since it came under the new management."

Mr. A. Neilly, of Bradford, writes: "I have been well pleased with your paper, and especially enjoy your two first pages."

THE EAST AND THE WEST A CANADIAN RETROSPECT

TO the scores of cultured cities that the Eastern plains possess, A cry came forth on the West wind from the wastes of loneliness; From the silence to the clamor came the eager, searching call, And it smote the ears of dwellers in mansion and in hall.

Said the West, with deep entreaty, to the seats of Federal pride: "You have known the sweet fulfillment, the prayer of the founding-tide; You have changed your huts for mansions, you have bartered your planks for piers, And wealth now covers the footsteps of your stalwart pioneers."

"You have wheeled the rushing torrent, you have harnessed the waterfall; While the tongue of your children's eloquence is heard in hearth and hall; You are great! and in real greatness the spark of pity dwells; In pity the spirit of sacrifice like the fire of incense swells;

Then pity, strong hearts of the Eastland, O pity the waiting West, And the burning hopes that rise and die within a barren breast; Oh, leave it not to the alien to people my yearning land, But give me your sturdy sons—the help of your brain and hand.

"Send me the breath of freedom, from the salt of the Eastern deep, A heritage of nations the eternal years shall keep; May your strength and cheerful courage find root in our Western sod; Grant me your loyal spirit—give me your faith in God."

The appeal moved the heart of the East—it stirred in her bones and clay, Till she poured her sturdiest offspring to the gate of the Western way. They spread their tents by the rivers and stripped the timbered wild, They rifled the mountain strongholds by ancient gods up-piled.

They made the streams as porters to their ever-pressing need, And laid their twin-steel pathways to add to their labor speed. A second nation was fostered as the fruit of heroic toil, And half earth's hungry millions could feed on the garnered spoil.

No cry comes now on the West wind from the land of health and gold. She rejoices in peace and plenty and resources unforgotten; She has changed her tents for palaces, forgotten in joy her tears, And wealth now covers the footprints of her foremost pioneers.

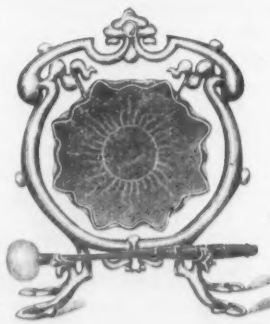
Her sons go forth as the mighty to sit in councils of state, Fashioning laws and statutes for the weal of an Empire great; She is known to the Medes and Persians in triumphs of commerce and art, And the call of the blood is re-echoed in the depths of each Western heart.

Her cup of fulfillment is brimming, and heaped to the overflow; Are the hands she held to the eastward in the gloom of long ago. Sealed are the bonds she cherished; her dream is fulfilled—outdone. The East and the West are welded—the West and the East are one!

Go out, you restless-minded, to the last long league of earth, Go search for a fairer Empire, in beauty and in worth; Go out, on false lures many, and search till your souls shall tire— Then come again as penitents and breathe the patriot fire.

Kneel at the shrine of your country, asking forgiveness in tears, And lend your lives to her service, through the rich incoming years; From shore to shore let your plaudits, with the boast of poignancy, Be voiced in a mighty anthem as the chorus of the free. Snelgrove, Ont., October, '06. S. A. WHITE.

"Under our present system our men emigrate, but leave our delicately nurtured women at home," observes a contributor to the English journal, *Boy and Girl*. Families of grown-up, unmarried daughters, discontented and restless, are far too numerous among us, and all the while, in far-off places of the empire, there are men by the thousands hungering for the sight of an English lass. We do not exaggerate. The flag of Britain in too many parts of the earth is flying over a generation of bachelors."



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Social and Personal

Miss Helen Law will be on a round of visits in the South until Christmas, I hear. She went down to Baltimore some time ago. The family circle at Commander Law's is scattered all over the world, two of the young sons serving the King abroad, and others carving the road to fortune in our own Dominion.

Mrs. Lloyd Harris, who is always welcome as the flowers in May, was in town this week for a short visit to Mrs. T. M. Harris in St. George street. She returned home to Brantford on Wednesday. On Tuesday afternoon, the "day" of lower St. George street, a number of friends had the pleasure of meeting the fair Brantfordian at tea-time.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Brodie arrived in town at mid-week and were at the King Edward for a few days. They have been to New York and other cities on their honeymoon, and are returning to Winnipeg, where Mr. Brodie is an official of the C.P.R. Mrs. Brodie was Miss Stanley Denison, daughter of the late William Denison, formerly of Dovercourt.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Jarvis are quite settled in their new home, 147 Roxborough street east, and Mrs. Jarvis will receive on Tuesday next, for the first time there. Since last season, the stork has visited this young couple, and I hear the baby girl who was the good bird's gift is a very attractive mite, as she has every right to be.

Mr. and Mrs. Peleg Howland are very welcome additions to Rosedale residents. They are now in their fine new house at the corner of Elm avenue and Glen road.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bird have removed to their new home in South drive, 37, I believe, is the number, and Mrs. Bird will receive in November.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Polson have settled in their new home in Rosedale, a very smart and handsome *entourage*, I hear, and have become members of St. Simon's congregation. The gain of several new and charming additions to the workers in this busy parish does not at all offset the deplored loss of an always willing spirit, the late Mrs. W. S. Andrews, whose aid in every good work will long be gratefully remembered.

Mrs. Hayes, daughter of Mrs. August Macdonell, and Miss Marjorie German of Welland, are the guests of Mrs. Macdonell in her home in Dundas street.

Miss Meta Cross is one of the pretty young girls who are making their debut this season. I hear that Miss Norah Gwynne, daughter of Mr. W. Gwynne of 23 Dunbar road, Rosedale, will also come out this season. The bouquet plucked from the "rosebud garden" grows each day more important in quantity and quality.

Mrs. Weed, a very attractive New Yorker, is visiting Mrs. W. M. Douglas at her home, 138 Madison avenue.

Mrs. and Miss Douglas of St. Alban street have sailed for England and Southern Europe.

The marriage of Miss Violet Lee, niece of Mrs. W. Crowther, and Mr. Harold Mara, will take place from Mr. W. Crowther's home in St. George street, on Thursday evening, November 1st, at nine o'clock. The two oldest friends of the bride-elect, Miss Stegmann and the youngest Miss Nairn of Kelvinside, are to be bridesmaids, and Mrs. Crowther's two younger daughters, cousins of the bride, flower-girls. By the way, Miss Lilian Crowther is a debutante this fall.

Mrs. Fiskin, Madison avenue, gave a pleasant informal tea on Monday, for Miss Fiskin and Miss Wood, which was greatly enjoyed by her guests.

The latter part of last week, the three days' "Thanksgiving holiday," was blessed with ideal weather, and, as several outdoor events were on, it was most opportune. The Lambton Golf Club was swarming with guests; on the holiday some seven score were out for luncheon alone. A team of golfers from Hamilton arrived for a visit of two or three days (over Sunday), and had a bright welcome from the big-hearted president and his merry men. The visitors went to the theater on Saturday night and were afterwards guests of Toronto golfers at the King Edward for supper.

Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald of Winnipeg is visiting her mother, Mrs. Salter Vankoughnet, at her home in Sherbourne street.

At the Hunt Club a most successful gymkhana was on the *tapis* (a *tapis* of turf unusually green for this season), and capital sport was enjoyed. The various events came off in good style. Captain Elmsley's absence was noticed and regretted on all hands. That ardent English sportsman, Lady Augusta Fanny Fane, entered into the active doings on the field with her usual bright enthusiasm. Other lady competitors were Miss Falconbridge, Miss Kerr of Rathnelly, Miss Louise James. Captain van Straubenzie had a nasty fall, but rode another horse to victory later on, looking very plucky with a bandaged arm. To say that the weather and scene showed October at her fairest is to say much in Canada, but so it was, and the view of the glory of autumn foliage, the exquisite blue of sky and lake, and the sweet, fresh, October air blended to satiate the senses of nature lovers, of whom there are many in the Hunt Club coterie. Miss Mortimer Clark presented the prizes after the last race, and the usual *al fresco* tea was served in the pavilion. The club was crowded with a brilliant company for dinner, and Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock were hosts of one of the smartest parties, including Lady Augusta Fane. Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne of Woodburn, Mr. and Mrs. Gwyn Osler, Miss Dora Rowand, and Mr. A. O. Beardmore. Last Saturday at the Hunt Club was a day not to be missed, and those people who were out of town for the holiday regretted it. It was the best gymkhana yet held there.

Mr. W. Grant Morden will visit Canada next month.

Colonel and Mrs. Peters, Mrs. Lloyd Harris, and Mr. James Cantley, were out-of-town visitors to the gymkhana last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Broughall are now occupying the former residence of Hon. G. W. Ross, 1 Elmsley place, where Mrs. Broughall receives on Tuesdays. Mr. and

Mrs. Alphonse Jones returned from England very recently, both looking extremely well. Miss Allayne Jones is spending the winter with her people, and will, I believe, be married next spring, after which her home will be across the lines.

Mr. E. Morris has removed his studio to Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto street.

Mrs. Bromley Davenport, who spent the summer here, is now settled in a pretty flat in London, and her charming young friend, Miss Frances Coen, is at her home in Chicago, convalescing after typhoid fever. All who met and admired Miss Coen so much while she sojourned in Toronto are glad to hear of her recovery.

On Tuesday afternoon a little coterie of music lovers assembled at "Spadina" to meet Mrs. Austin, very attractive guest, Mrs. Allison of Dublin, who sang in her fetching way several songs during the afternoon. While Mrs. Allison is particularly good in Irish songs, she also excels in French ones, and sings German sweetly. People are entertaining her with enthusiasm. Mrs. Arthurs is giving a luncheon for her at the Hunt Club. Mrs. Allison is introducing the songs of Carl Beckerman, a blind Irish musician the finest organist in his neighborhood, and a successful composer. She has the rare accent, and to hear her render the quaint song, "Me father an' mother are Irish and I am Irish, too," is a sure provoker of smiles. On Tuesday she wore a becoming Paris gown of white *crepe de soie* and Irish lace. Mrs. Austin was in black, relieved with white, and Miss Adele Austin in pale grey patterned taffeta touched with pale blue. Those at the little *musical* were Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien of Dromond, Mrs. Arthurs and Mrs. Greene of Ravenswood, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Kerr of Rathnelly, Mrs. and Miss Maisie Tyrrell, Mrs. Stewart Houson, Miss Ermatinger, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Drynan, Miss Hagarty, Miss Grasset of Barrie, Miss Annie Hagarty, who is, like Miss Kerr, a debutante this year; Mrs. and Miss Somerville of Atherly, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. Bailey, Miss Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, Miss Codrington, and one or two others. The lovely bright afternoon made a trip up the Davenport hill a pleasure, and the tea which followed the songs, and the excellent piano solos by the hostess, Miss Grasset, and Miss Hagarty, were just as dainty as could be. Mrs. Allison will probably be here for some weeks.

Colonel Robertson and the officers of the 48th Highlanders invited a large party for Friday evening to the regimental inspection and prize-giving, and a subsequent reception in the mess-rooms.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson and their family, who have lingered late at Oasis, their island home, will soon be settled in a recently purchased home in Admiral road.

The first meeting of the Woman's Musical Club will take place next Thursday morning at 11 o'clock.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark will hold her first reception this season on next Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Acland left for Winnipeg on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin Gibson are again in their pleasant home in Walmer road.

Mrs. Leonard Vaux, 20 Tyndall avenue, held her first reception on Thursday, and will be at home every Thursday during November.

Mr. Wallace Bruce has removed to Hamilton, where he will manage a branch of the Sovereign Bank. Mrs. Bruce is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fred Bendelari, in Cleveland, and will join her husband in Hamilton later on.

The marriage of Miss Jennie Sutherland Farquharson, daughter of Mr. William Farquharson of Walkerton, and Dr. George E. H. Coram, will take place on October 31.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge and Miss Florence Spragge have returned from Golden, B.C., where they have a summer place.

The marriage of Miss Norma Evelyn Stevens and Mr. Samuel Leigh Hammond, will take place on November 10 at half-past two in the Church of the Redeemer, and the ceremony will be followed by a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. McClung, 134 Roxborough street west.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford are giving a dance for their debutante daughter, Miss Florence, on November 14. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Adams are also celebrating the debut of their daughter, Miss Augustine Adams, by a dance at McConkey's on November 8.

Miss Sherwood, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Percy Sherwood of Ottawa, is coming shortly to Toronto on a visit to Mrs. Crawford, her aunt, and will be in town for some weeks. Miss Sherwood preserves the tradition of her family, and is so lovely and bright that we shall all enjoy her sojourn in Toronto.

One seldom hears such enthusiastic comment as is made on the really magnificent concert of last week. The Italians certainly captured the hearts of their hearers, and Leoncavallo got quality if not quantity in his audience.

Mrs. Willson Lawrence, "Five Oaks," Avenue Road Hill, will receive on Thursday and Friday, November 1 and 2, and on the first Thursday and Friday in each month, during the season.

Mrs. Frederick William Marlow (*nee* Walton) will receive for the first time since her marriage, at her residence, 699 Spadina avenue, on Tuesday, October 30, from 4 to 6 o'clock, and in the evening.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ellis (*nee* Firstbrook) will receive for the first time since her marriage, with her mother, Mrs. John Firstbrook, at 30 Wilton crescent, on the afternoon of Thursday, November 1, and afternoon and evening of Friday, November 2.

Miss Louise Scott returned home last week from an extended visit to Port Dover and Simcoe. Miss Bowlby of Simcoe returned with her, and is the guest of the Misses Scott in St. George street.



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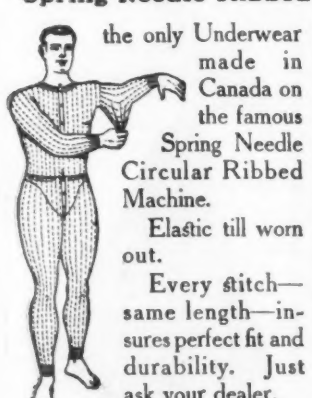
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OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

- Robt. B. Henderson, 44 Canada Life Bldg. King St. West.
Murbert C. Jaquith, Confed. Life Bldg.
J. S. Back, 704 Temple Bldg.
Mrs. Adalyn K. Pigott, 102 Bloor St. East.
Georgene W. A. Cook, 189 College St.
F. P. Millard, D. O., 111 Confederation Life Building

How Canada Helped to "Unseal" Japan

THE interesting story has just been published of Ronald McDonald, son of a Hudson's Bay Company officer, who was born in Oregon in 1824, when that State was British territory, and who was the first man to teach the English language in Japan. Commodore Perry has been given the credit of "unsealing" the Hermit Empire, but McDonald opened the way for his expedition.

Ronald McDonald was a Canadian, as it was long after he was born that the Oregon boundary dispute was settled, and that country, which had been dominated by the Hudson's Bay Company, passed into the possession of the Americans. He was a son of Archibald McDonald, a chief factor of the company, and Princess Sunday, his Chinook wife. He died in 1894 at Fort Colville, Washington, after roaming the world, and living a life of remarkable romance and adventure. In his last years he requested Eva Emery Dye to write the story of his life, which has just been published under the title, *McDonald of Oregon*.

In his youth McDonald had nursed at Vancouver a party of Japanese whose typhoon-swept junk had been cast on the Oregon coast. Their story of the wonders of their island home had inspired him to attempt a journey there, although it was supposed to be certain death for the foreigner who ventured into Japan. In 1845, while young McDonald was in Elgin, Canada, the Oregon boundary question was settled, and, as grandson and next in kin to the late King Cumcum, of the Chinooks, he was entitled to a handsome inheritance, but he chose, instead, to carry out his cherished plans and break into Japan. Journeying to New York city, he shipped before the mast on board the whaler *Plymouth*, Captain Edwards master. Edwards was short of hands and agreed to McDonald's stipulation that he should sell him a small boat and allow him to leave the ship off the coast of Japan.

The daring young navigator scuttled his little sloop when in sight of one of the islands, and determined to place himself at the mercy of the Japanese as a shipwrecked sailor. He was fortunate at the beginning to gain the friendship of one Tankaro, from whom he obtained a knowledge of the Japanese language through secret study. His stores were minutely examined and inventoried, and a sketch was made of every article of interest—his quadrant, his boat, kegs, and anchor. Everything was measured, even the thickness of the sides of the chest. Most particularly his woollens were scrutinized—sheep were unknown in Japan—and the height and dimensions of his person were taken. Five feet eight inches, broad-shouldered, full-chested, stout, and muscular, Ronald McDonald was something of a giant among the diminutive Japanese.

McDonald's slight knowledge of their language, his brown skin and his almost Japanese features seem to have disposed his captors in his favor, and he was well treated on his journey to Nagasaki, although heavily guarded. At Nagasaki he first met Moryama Yenoske, who subsequently was "described, sketched, and photographed" by every envoy that visited Japan fifty years ago. As the weeks went by McDonald was constantly brought before the officials for questioning.

More and more on winter nights Ronald's cage became a house of reception, lit with wax candles on low, square stands. With shaven midscaps, and topknots, men of all orders—students, military officers, priests, nobles, two-sworded samurai, and daimios—came to see and talk with the first teacher of English in Japan. Afar off on the rainy walks he could hear the clatter of their wooden clogs coming.

"Your honorable health?" they were soon inquiring. With books and night lanterns and boxes of sweetmeats they were filling in, bowing profusely, and asking many questions. Like the spinner of the thousand and one tales of the Arabian Nights, he told them of Oregon and the fur trade, the great migrations, the project of cutting railroads through lofty mountain chains to the west, and the many wonders of the West.

At that time, foreign ships were not allowed to approach the Japanese coast; no Japanese ship was allowed to go abroad, and it was law that even natives returning from abroad should be put to death.

An American ship arrived in Japan to demand the delivery of some shipwrecked sailors, and the accession to the demand was probably the first instance in which the stubborn policy of the Japanese had yielded to the importunities of foreigners. Then came Perry, who at the suggestion of McDonald took to Japan models of Western ingenuity such as a small locomotive, tender, passenger car, and rails, complete, to be laid down in Japan; bundles of wires and an outfit of telegraphic instruments; clocks, watches, stoves, military arms of the latest pattern, muskets, pistols, rifles, swords, balls, and cartridges, samples of furniture, life-boats, books, weights, measures, garden seeds, and agricultural implements enough to set up a small exposition. McDonald's pupils acted as interpreters during Perry's treaty negotiations.

The Queen of Song.

THE eminent retirement of Madame Patti has elicited numerous laudatory articles and sketches of her phenomenal career, but in practically every case the details given have been far from accurate. Her mother was a lyric artist of great distinction, though how she became a singer is known to very few. The *Grand Magazine* relates that one day the eminent Roman singing master and contrapuntist, Professor Barrili, strolling down the Via Giulia, in Rome, heard someone singing in a rich soprano voice. So interested was he that he walked up the passage whence the sound proceeded, and found leaning over a washing-tank a girl, washing as she sang. He asked if she were a Roman. "Yes," she replied, "a Roman, of Tivoli."

"Would you like to learn to sing?" he asked. "I am Maestro Barrili." "Ah! you must ask my mother." "What's her name?" "Chiesa." "Where does she live and what does she do?" The girl told him her mother was a *pollajuola* (a poulterer), with a small shop in the Piazza Navona, and that he could find her there any morning.

The following day Professor Barrili called on the mother, and made arrangements to teach the girl. After three or four years' hard study, Signorina Chiesa made her debut in Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra* at the Della Valle, Rome, creating a *furor* by her magnificent singing and beautiful voice. Professor Barrili subsequently married his pupil, and they had two sons. Signorina Chiesa-Barrili next was engaged for a South American tour, and when there met her second husband, Salvatore Patti, the tenor of the company.

Adelina (who was, by the way, baptized Adela) was the youngest of several children. Her first teacher was her step-brother, Signor Hector Barrili, who had mi-

grated to New York, where the Patti had fixed their residence for some time. She was born in Madrid on February 19, 1843, and made her first appearance in New York at a concert given for a Jewish charity when quite a child. It was also in New York, on November 24, 1859, that she made her debut in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and on May 14, 1861, in London, at Covent Garden Theater, in Bellini's *Sonnambula*. Her repertoire was the most extended of any operatic artist, and her singing essentially of the *bel canto* order, of which she has been a supremely great exponent. She has been three times married—first to the Marquis de Caux; then to M. Nicolini, the tenor, and subsequently to Baron Cedersstrom, her present husband. Her mother in Rome frequently might have been seen at her devotions at the Sant' Andrea delle Fratte, near the Piazza di Spagna. She died in 1873, Signor Barrili having predeceased her in 1849. Madame Patti had during her career other masters besides her step-brother and her brother-in-law, Mr. Strakosch, for she studied with Valentini, Muzio, and Romani, of Florence.

Mr. Robert Gillespie Reid.

JUST forty-one years ago, in the Scottish village of Cupar Angus, word was passed round that young Bob Reid, the carrier's son, was going out to Australia to seek his fortune, says a writer in the *Grand*. "Eh, lad," said one local worthy, "but it's a mighty pair outlook for ye. Ye'd do far better to stick on here in the hopes o' gettin' your uncle's cottage and bit o' land." The uncle of the prospective emigrant heard the news and sought Bob out. "What's this I hear about your gaein' to Australay?" Young Reid told him. "Now, look here," said the uncle, a retired blacksmith; "stay on in Cupar Angus, an' I'll gie ye a piece o' land for your very ain. Now, what do ye say?" The youth reflected. "I'm very fond o' land," he said, "but I want more than I can get in this village. I'm going out to see a bit o' the world." "Ye'll live to repent it," said the uncle. "I hope not," replied Bob; "but many thanks, all the same."

That was forty-one years ago. Reid left Scotland almost penniless—just enough to take him to Australia. Thirty years later Mr. Robert Gillespie Reid, a prominent Montreal railway contractor, sat in his office in the Canadian metropolis. A large map of North America hung before him on the wall. He was able to look back on a long and adventurous career. Having migrated to Canada, he had, as a contractor, built large portions of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and, although his constitution was damaged by a too strenuous life, was still looking about for new fields of endeavor. He picked up a letter from his desk. It was from the Government of Newfoundland, accepting his tender for building a railway across the island. By the terms of the contract, now about to be signed, Mr. Reid would build the road at \$15,600 a mile. As a railway was useless unless engines and carriages run over it, the contractor agreed to operate it "for a grant in fee simple of 5,000 acres of land for each mile for a period of ten years."

The Government accepted this offer. Mr. Reid smiled, his thoughts at the moment going back to his boyhood and to his uncle Henry. By a single stroke of the pen he became the master of 2,500,000 acres of timber, agricultural, and mineral land. He was the greatest private landowner in the world. But that was not all. He became possessed of an additional estate. His uncle Henry died, full of years, and bequeathed him the five and a half acres in Cupar Angus!

An English Miser.

John Camden Neild, whose magnificent bequest to Queen Victoria supplied the funds out of which the Prince Consort built the present Balmoral Castle, deserves a place among the great misers, and was as remarkable a man as any of them, says P. T. O. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was a barrister at Lincoln's Inn. At the age of 34 his father's death placed him in possession of a fortune of £250,000, and from that moment he became a confirmed miser. Neild lived at 5 Cheyne walk, Chelsea. His big house was so meanly furnished that it did not even boast of a bed. Two old women, who did his stoves, and a black cat were his sole companions. When he visited his large estates in the Midlands, which he did frequently, he generally walked, unless he could get a lift for nothing, and he was not even above taking a gratuitous seat on a dung cart. Sometimes he was compelled by the weather to take a seat on the stage coach. And there he would sit outside, shivering and dripping—for he never wore a greatcoat—an object of commiseration to his fellow passengers.

The Dreamer.

I DO not long to struggle where Men heap their hard-earned fortunes high; Let others hasten madly there, Determined to succeed or die, If I may calmly listen to The liquid songs of limpid streams, And, free from envy, wander through The peaceful, precious Land of Dreams.

High on a splendid mountain-side There is an airy castle which O'er looks a valley that is wide And strangely beautiful and rich, And there I am, the lord of all, My ensign from the tower streams, My castle is the capital, My kingdom is the Land of Dreams.

Go, if you please, to struggle where The money-madding throng has rushed, But, ere you enter, know that there Each warrior crushes or is crushed. The streets are canyons there, and through Them flow a thousand golden streams; Go, if you will, to do and dare, But leave to me the Land of Dreams.

S. E. KISER.

Twenty-eight new Rhodes scholars are expected to arrive in Oxford in October term. Last year's contingent numbered sixty-eight, but under the provisions of Mr. Rhodes's will none of the American States send candidates this year. The total number of Rhodes scholars in residence at Oxford next term will exceed 150.

The largest and costliest building thus far undertaken in New York, the city of immense structures, is the magnificent \$10,000,000 Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now being erected on Morningside Heights. This will be the greatest sacred edifice in America, and the fourth in importance in the world.

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HAS CONSTANTLY and STEADILY INCREASED in Popularity and Esteem, and is now ACCEPTED THROUGHOUT the ENTIRE CIVILIZED WORLD as possessing all the properties of an IDEAL and PERFECT TABLE WATER.



Are unequalled for elegance—style and perfect fit. The kid is the finest obtainable. Look for the trademark. Sold everywhere by high class dealers.

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A dinner Jacket made by "Fashion-Craft" tailors is the quintessence of good taste and style.

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A Bonus of \$75

(per \$1,000 assured), was added to life and endowment policies for the five years ending 31st December, 1904, and it is noteworthy that this rate of Bonus has been maintained unbroken for the long period of 40 years.

For particulars of a Life Insurance Policy, apply to the
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4 PER cent. allowed on all deposits—sub-
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For 37 years the

The Mutual Life
OF CANADA.

has merited the confidence of
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\$44,199,954.00

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For the City of Toronto and Suburbs.

Orders for new connections, changes of
firm names, changes of street addresses,
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in the new book.

H. J. DUNSTAN,
Toronto, October 16th, 1906, Local Man.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. A. D. BRAITHWAITE
Who has been placed in charge of Ontario Bank.

Toronto, Oct. 26.

NO event in recent years has produced so much comment in the financial world as the advance by the Bank of England of its minimum rate of discount to 6 per cent. on the 19th inst. This is the highest point since November, 1890, when the Baring embarrassment in London caused such widespread disaster. Thursday is the day of the week the Governors of the Bank of England hold their sessions, and as Thursday, the 18th, passed without any change being made in the rate, it was naturally thought that nothing would be done at least for another week. Not so, however, for the business world was astonished the next morning, Friday, on learning that there had been a complete collapse in the security markets—British Consols, home rails, Russian bonds, French rentes, American rails, Canadian Pacifics, etc. The reason for such a free selling of securities was not difficult to trace—it was that the Bank of England had that day advanced its discount rate from 5 to 6 per cent. On the 11th inst., the rate had been raised from 4 to 5 per cent. The advance was really 2 per cent. in eight days. The high rate fixed and the sudden and unusual circumstances attending its declaration, naturally caused apprehension that there might be some deep-seated source of trouble, of which the world generally knew nothing. Absolute assurances, however, came by cable that such was not the case. The 6 per cent. rate was necessary for the protection of the Bank of England's gold reserve, which, although not being the lowest of the year, was low for this season of the year. The exports of gold from London the past couple of months have aggregated nearly \$50,000,000, of which probably one-half came from the Bank of England. The United States demands upon London had to be checked, and the 6 per cent. rate no doubt was intended as a precaution and a warning. The monetary stringency in Wall street during the summer resulted in heavy borrowings abroad. It is stated that "finance bills" held in Europe, and chiefly in London, amount to between \$300,000,000 and \$500,000,000, being away above the normal amount at this time of the year. This large amount of indebtedness on the part of New York was due largely to stock market operations, the accounts being transferred to London owing to cheaper money there. The Bank of England rate was 3½ per cent. during the summer, and this inroad was made chiefly upon British capital, while the low rate prevailed. The growing position of London as the centre for effecting exchanges, and the settlement of balances for a world-wide commerce, concentrates the strain upon the Bank of England, and it was probably realized somewhat suddenly last week, that it needed to entrench its reserves more strongly by a high rate for discounting the flood of bills liable to pour in upon it through the other banks.

The result of this action of the Bank in raising its rate is that large amounts of American and foreign securities have been liquidated, and the exchange market is working about in favor of London. The rates of sterling have risen in New York, and there is a possibility later on, perhaps, before the end of November, that the gold flow will be towards London. It is to the credit of the New York market that the London offerings of securities were taken without seriously affecting that market. Prices declined 5 to 10 points within a few days, but temporary rallies followed. The higher rates for money in New York during the week are also to be attributed to the action taken last week by the Governors of the Bank of England.

A 6 per cent. discount rate in London is an unusual thing, and the following table, showing the rate High Rates. at 6 per cent. or above, in the past seventy years, with the length of time maintained, will in consequence be interesting:

Ten per cent.	October 7, 1865... 7 weeks
	June 4, 1873... 6 days
November 9, 1857... 6 weeks	Six and one-half per cent.
May 12, 1866... 14 weeks	December 4, 1856... 2 weeks
	April 2, 1857... 11 weeks
Nine per cent.	Six per cent.
May 5, 1864... 2 weeks	August 1, 1839... 25 weeks
September 8, 1864... 9 weeks	August 2, 1847... 3 days
November 7, 1873... 2 weeks	November 15, 1860... 2 weeks
	May 16, 1861... 11 weeks
Eight per cent.	August 4, 1870... 1 week
October 25, 1847... 4 weeks	November 30, 1874... 5 weeks
February 14, 1861... 5 weeks	October 14, 1878... 5 weeks
December 3, 1863... 3 weeks	January 30, 1882... 3 weeks
January 20, 1864... 3 weeks	December 30, 1889... 7 weeks
January 4, 1866... 7 weeks	November 7, 1890... 4 weeks
	November 29, 1899... 6 weeks
Seven per cent.	October 18, 1906... 6 weeks
October 18, 1855... 31 weeks	
October 6, 1856... 8 weeks	

The September statement of Canadian banks is rather later than usual in making its appearance. Ontario Bank. The delay, no doubt, has been occasioned by the troubles in the Ontario Bank, a report of which the curator, Mr. Stavert, submits, subject to correction. The report by the curator and the previous one sent to the Government in August, when Mr. McGill was general manager, differs materially in the main features of the returns. The total assets, as per August returns, were \$17,371,862, whereas in September they appear to be only \$15,920,307. The total liabilities in August were given as \$14,991,479, and in September as \$15,272,271. The reduction in assets in the shape of loans was \$1,437,536, while there was an increase in liabilities of \$280,792. The September report of the curator was therefore \$1,718,328 to the bad, as compared with the August return, and this probably represents the loss through speculation which had been concealed by the falsification of the reports.

The September report of the Banks, as a whole, was satisfactory. The note circulation shows an expansion of over \$7,000,000 for the month, with a total of \$77,209,346, the largest on record. Total deposits show an increase of

about \$2,250,000 for the month of September, although the deposits payable on demand decreased \$800,000. Call loans increased \$2,000,000 for the month, those in Canada decreasing about a million and those outside Canada increasing three millions. The trade discounts show the large increase of \$7,250,000, the whole increase being due to extended operations in Canada.

The values of the leading securities dealt in on the Toronto Stock Exchange in Prices. have not been materially affected by the discovery of heavy losses sustained on the part of the Ontario Bank through wild speculation. There have been declines of 1½ to 4½ per cent. in bank stocks, but even these comparatively small losses are not the result of local causes altogether. The raising of the rates for money by the Bank of England, was followed by declines in all classes of securities in almost every market, and Canadian securities did not escape. As a market factor, the Ontario Bank incident has been forgotten. There is no lack of confidence in the financial situation here. Ample provision has been made by the Bankers' Association in safeguarding the public against loss in the Ontario Bank collapse.

It is now stated that the Toronto Electric Light Company will be distributing power in the city within a month. The earning power of the company under the new conditions is now being figured on. With the growth of the city and the demand for power and light, much greater than two years ago, when the Niagara power project was inaugurated, prospects of the company are exceedingly good. Estimates of the earnings, beginning January 1, are that probably 20 per cent. will be shown on the capital stock and a rise to materially higher prices is looked for by the bulls during the coming six months, after the market recovers from its present depression.

Montreal, Oct. 26.

EVER since the announcement by the Montreal Street Railway management that there would be an issue of \$2,000,000 of new stock at a premium of 75 per cent., the disgruntled ones have been going about the city's financial district, preaching blue ruin. These men expected to be let in at a premium of 25 per cent., or some such figure, which would have made the rights worth a matter of \$60, in place of \$20, as is now the case. Of course, they fail to consider that the premium of 75 per cent. on a two million dollar issue will give the company \$1,500,000 cash upon which no interest will have to be paid, and that in the long run they, the stockholders, will be just that much better off. Chief among the kickers on the Street Railway management may be named B. A. Boas, a rich little man who owns stock in about everything, and who usually has a plaint. If the angel Gabriel tackled the job of managing a concern to suit B. A. Boas, the aforesaid bugle blower would fail miserably. However, the big people in M. S. R. are satisfied that Forget et al. have done the right thing, and the storm will blow over as others have done on previous occasions.

Sir William Van Horne has come forward as an exponent of the theory that an export duty on pulp wood is the thing. At the annual meeting of the Laurentide Paper Company, held the other day, Sir William, president of the company, pronounced against the present system of allowing Americans the privilege of exporting their raw material in the shape of pulp wood from Canada; and he elucidated the old argument that these United States manufacturers would then build their factories in Canada. "A cord of pulp wood," said he, "yields in one way or another about six dollars to the Dominion, whereas converted into paper it yields \$36." For the first time in its history, the Laurentide Paper Company gave the public a full account of its year's business, of which the management has no cause for complaint. The net profits amounted to \$271,000, of which sum \$180,000 went to pay dividends, leaving a surplus of upward of \$91,000.

The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company will close up its season's business some \$150,000 R. and O. ahead in gross earnings, as compared with a year ago. The expenses and charges are proportionately heavy, however, as the current earnings have paid for many improvements, such as rebuilding hotels and remaking steamers, items which might well have been charged to the capital account. This all means that the company is bettering its position very materially and at the same time the stockholders have been able to again get a slice of the profits, namely, 5 per cent. per annum, which has already been declared. It looks very much as if Richelieu were once more out of the woods.

Among the stockholders of the defunct Ontario Bank the name of Sir William Macdonald figures prominently as the holder of several hundred shares. This is one stockholder over whom the public will not waste much sympathy, for no one in Canada better than Sir William can afford to lose a few thousand dollars. This Scotch Knight, who earned his money by making chewing tobacco for the masses, and whose title came through benefactions to McGill University, is a great believer in putting his surplus capital into bank stocks. Incidentally, it might be mentioned that he owns a small matter of a million dollars' worth of Bank of Montreal securities, being by far the largest holder in that institution, and upon whose board of directors he also sits. Sir William is little like the average director of Canada's institutions. He wants to know what is going on, and he does know, too, for seldom it is that Sir William misses a board meeting; and again, he is of an inquiring turn of mind, and likes to get at the bottom of a business matter. A volume (Concluded on Page Twenty.)

Hon. Wm. GIBSON, President. J. TURNBULL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Head Office, Hamilton, Ont.

Capital Paid-Up - \$2,500,000
Reserve Fund - 2,500,000
Total Assets - 30,000,000

Savings Bank Department
at all offices. Interest allowed on deposits of one dollar and upwards at highest current rates, compounded half-yearly. Money may be withdrawn without delay.

We receive Accounts of
Corporations, Firms and Individuals on favorable terms and shall be pleased to meet or correspond with those who contemplate making cheques or opening new accounts.

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Small current accounts for business or professional men carried free of charge.
Interest allowed in SAVINGS DEPARTMENT on deposits of ONE DOLLAR and upwards.

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Monthly Deposit	1 Year	2 Years	3 Years	4 Years	5 Years	10 Years
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\$2	24.39	49.50	75.34	102.00	129.48	279.82
\$3	36.58	74.25	113.02	153.00	194.22	419.73
\$4	48.77	99.00	154.02	204.00	259.10	559.64
\$5	60.97	123.75	195.02	255.00	323.86	699.55
\$10	121.94	247.50	390.04	510.00	647.72	1,399.10

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All pieces are chosen by a lighting expert with a view to practical lighting effects, combined with artistic appearance.

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A Hotel Like a Home

THE ARLINGTON is more like a home than an hotel,—all the comforts and refinements of your own fireside with the conveniences and service of a first-class hotel.

Parlor and bathroom suites, first-class cafe service, and at moderate rates.

We are taking special care of guests who are going to spend the cold season with us. Ask us for our rates for the winter.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.
The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.
Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.
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At least thirty years ago the grapes ripened in the "Alto Douro" of Portugal whose essence, fragrance, aroma and richness is in the bottles of Convido Port you buy this year. Convido Port is a really worthy wine—superb to the palate, invaluable for invalids.

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Through wearing **Pember's Artistic Hair Goods**. Dainty women all over Canada know the quality and superior excellence of the Pompadour Bangs, Natural Wavy and Straight Hair Switches, Braids, Waves, S e m i-Transformations, and Wigs that come from **Pember's** and are careful to see that their orders are placed where they result in abundant satisfaction. **Pember's** produce the most natural, best matched, silkiest and most moderate priced Hair Goods in Canada, as well as the most becoming.

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Parisian and American Millinery,
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108 King Street W., Toronto.
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YOUNG CANADIANS SERVING THE KING

XXVIII.



CAPTAIN H. C. BICKFORD,
6th Dragoon Guards, "The Carabiniers."

Social and Personal.

A quiet wedding took place in St. Thomas' Church, Millbrook, on Wednesday morning, Oct. 17th, when Miss Anna Louise Wood, daughter of the late Archibald Wood, was married to the Rev. Alexander Allen, rector of St. Paul's Church, Oakland, Cal. The bride, who was given away by her brother, Mr. William Taylor Wood, wore her going-away gown of brown pongee and was unattended. The ceremony was performed by the Rector, the Rev. William Cartwright Allen, brother of the groom. Miss Mildred Allen sang *O Perfect Love* during the signing of the register. The church was attractively decorated for the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Allen left on the 12:10 train for Toronto, where they will spend a few days before leaving for their future home in Oakland, Cal.

Mr. T. Arthur Ambridge of the Sovereign Bank of Canada, has been transferred to the New York agency of that bank. He is a clever and rising young banker and his many friends are delighted to hear of his preferment.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith entertained at dinner on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore are entertaining at dinner to-night.

Miss Gyp Armstrong passed through Toronto last week en route to Saskatoon, where she will spend the winter with her father, who is with the G. T. P. Railway in the West. Mrs. Armstrong is remaining in Lindsay for the winter.

The death of Mr. Edwin W. Sandys, the well-known author and sportsman, occurred on Wednesday at his home in New York. It was a great shock to his relatives and friends there and in Canada, for although he has been suffering greatly from rheumatism of late, it was not considered that the disease had so serious an aspect as to cause foreboding of a fatality. Mr. Sandys was well known in Toronto having been for some years editor of the *Canadian Sportsman* before leaving for a larger sphere of labor. His handsome and athletic presence and rare gifts as a raconteur made him a leading figure amid his circle of friends, who learn of his untimely death with sincere regret.

Mrs. D. Burke Simpson (nee Thorne) of Newcastle was in town for a few days this week, the guest of Miss Enid Wornum, and returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. Tom Clark gave a tea for her guest, Mrs. Loring, on Wednesday afternoon, which was a very bright and enjoyable event. Those assisting the hostess were Mrs. Christie, Mrs. Jack Palmer, Miss Wood and Miss Mary Clark. The tea-table was done with a profusion of Richmond roses, and looked lovely. Among the ladies at this tea were Mrs. Palmer of Lawton Park, who brought her charming visitor, Mrs. Tomlinson (nee Maynard), now of California, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Sidney Green, Mrs. Harry Wyatt, Mrs. Leonard McMurray, Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. W. H. Lee, Mrs. Morrice, Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, Mrs. Strachan Johnstone, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. J. Dixon, Mrs. Willie McLean, Mrs. W. Thurston, Mrs. G. H. Gooderham and Mrs. Buntin.

Mrs. Frank Cowan has returned to Toronto and is with her mother, Mrs. Michie, in St. George street. Mr. James Cantley returned to Winnipeg at mid-week.

Mrs. Acheson of Middletown, Conn., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. W. F. Ross. By a mistake, I was careless enough to say that it was Mrs. Acheson's daughter who was married recently in the West, whereas I believe Mrs. Acheson's little folks are not harboring matrimonial thoughts yet—nor won't be for some time.

Miss Cook of Virginia is visiting Mrs. Stewart Playfair, and Mrs. Norman Playfair is the guest of Mrs. Playfair, sr. On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lee gave a bridge party for Miss Cook, when a very jolly game was enjoyed, the prize winners being Mr. Vaux Chadwick and the guest of honor, Miss Cook.

Another handsome debutante of whom I hear is Miss Buchanan, third daughter of Mr. James Buchanan, St. George street.

Mrs. Geoffrey T. Clarkson gave a tea yesterday for her sister, Mrs. Beal, a recent bride, and Miss Florence Perry of Walmer road made her *entree* into the gay world on that occasion.

Mrs. Goldwin Howland received on two afternoons

this week, and everyone seems in love with her as a hostess. Her home is quite lovely, being a house done in very dainty style, and the bride looks so much at home there that the harmony was charming. Mrs. Campbell Reeves, Miss Grasett, Miss Muriel Whitney and Miss Athol Nordheimer assisted on Tuesday, and on Wednesday Miss Cattanaach and Miss Van der Smitten assisted. The bride-hostess wore a beautiful delicate green gown embroidered with tiny pompadour wreaths and trimmed with lace. A great many callers paid their respects and wished a long and happy life to the young hostess.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark entertained at dinner on Tuesday for Lady Augusta Fane, who is leaving town to-day for visits to friends in the States before sailing for England.

Miss Elaine Hodgins of Cloynewood is off to the West to spend some time in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Garrow, St. George street, is giving a dance on November 9th.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Richard Davidson, wife of Professor Davidson, who was Miss Edith Northwood of Chatham, received for the first time in her new home, 19 Walker avenue. Mrs. Davidson is a graceful, bright, and pretty young matron.

Next Wednesday night a subscription dance under the auspices of Alexandra Chapter, D. O. E., will be given at Mr. Frank Arnold's home in North street, in which event the young folks of the Chapter are hugely interested. Last year they had a most successful and delightful affair of the same nature, and will doubtless exceed their former success this month.

Mrs. Blaikie and Mrs. Rathbun are giving an At Home next Wednesday afternoon, when the young daughter of the latter lady is, I hear, to make her debut.

Hon. George Fane, who has been touring and visiting in Canada and the States, will remain in Canada when his mother, Lady Augusta Fane, returns to England.

Miss Emily Adams of Glen road has gone to Albany to take a course in nursing.

Trinity College School Guild are giving a *musical* in Convocation Hall at Trinity this afternoon, when music and the "cup that cheers" are promised. Mrs. H. C. Osborne is in charge of the programme.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison are settled in their new home, 55 Prince Arthur avenue, where Mrs. and Miss Denison will receive on Fridays.

The Mitchell correspondent anxious to secure the address of Mrs. Cuthbert, who took a houseparty through the States last year, is directed to 25 Maitland street, Toronto, and I am greatly obliged to all those who were good enough to forward Mrs. Cuthbert's address for the benefit of the enquirer.

Mrs. Salter M. Jarvis, 246 St. George street, is giving an At Home on Nov. 7, from 4.30 to 7 o'clock, to present her daughter, Miss Muriel Jarvis, to her friends. The debutante is a very charming girl, with brains as well as beauty.

A number of Toronto people and others from cities in Ontario have gone to New York to attend the wedding of Mr. Charles McIntosh and Miss Violet Grey, which takes place to-day.

Mrs. Brydges of Islip is visiting her mother, Mrs. Jarvis, in Jarvis street. Both ladies spent Thanksgiving in Chatham with Mrs. W. E. McKeough.

Lieutenant-Colonel Clarence A. Denison and members of the North-West Field Force, 1885, Rifle Association, have issued invitations for the presentation of prizes, in the Armouries, on Monday evening next, at eight o'clock. Mrs. Otter will distribute the prizes, which were won by the veterans at their recent rifle match.

Mrs. J. W. Beatty of 61 Crescent road will receive on the first Monday, and on the first Tuesday, of each month.

The marriage of Mr. Ashmead Grey Rodgers of Niagara Falls, N.Y., to Miss Lilian May Kirkpatrick, daughter of the late Richard Howat Kirkpatrick, was quietly solemnized at the residence of the bride, 169 Lowther avenue, at three o'clock, on Tuesday afternoon, October 23, in the presence of the family and immediate friends of the bride and groom. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. C. Cayley, rector of St. Simon's Church. The bride, who was attired in a gown of white Irish lace over chiffon and satin, with tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of roses and lily of the valley, was given away by her brother, Mr. V. C. Kirkpatrick of Ogdensburg, N.Y. Mr. Victor Kirkpatrick was best man. The house was decorated with palms and ferns and white chrysanthemums. The wedding march was played by D'Alessandro's orchestra. After the ceremony the bride and groom left on an extended tour through the Eastern States, and on their return will reside at Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Mr. B. G. Winans of the Royal Bank, Montreal (an old Toronto boy), who has been made secretary of that bank, with supervision of the Maritime branches, with headquarters at Halifax, leaves for that city this week to assume his new duties.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dora Oliver, second daughter of the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, to Mr. J. J. Anderson of Edmonton, Alberta.

Mrs. Robert T. Brown will receive for the first time in her new home, 197 St. George street, on Thursday, November 1, and afterwards the second and fourth Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Holladay are at 155 Winchester street, for the winter. Mrs. Holladay will receive on the first and third Mondays.

Mr. and Mrs. Madden, Miss Wynn, and Miss Georgie Madden sailed last Saturday from New York, to spend some months abroad. Miss Madden, who was a much sought after partner at the Island dances this summer, will be missed from the gaieties of the young set this winter, as she and Mrs. Madden do not purpose returning until the beginning of May.

Models of a Model House

Below will be found three of this Autumn's Popular Suits.
For style, finish, fit, value, they are unequalled.



330—Smart Design Tight-Fitting Walking Suit. Coat 21 in. long, three pleats over shoulder, with back to match, coat self-strapped, giving Princess effect, lined with fancy black and white, navy and white worsteds, or in black, navy, green, etc. Range 4 Cloth \$27.00

346—Dressy Walking Suit. Coat 24 in. long, with pleated front and back, belt trimmed with velvet, vesting of fancy braid lined with tulle silk, new design circular skirt with pleated sides. Made in blue and black cheviot, or tweeds if desired. Range 4 Cloth \$30.00

339—Stylish Tailored Design. Tight-fitting coat 36 in. long, collar and vest of velvet, trimmed with fancy black braid, lined with tulle silk, skirt new circular design, with pleats in front and strapping of self around the flounce. Made in finest chifon Venetian in any color desired. Range 5 Cloth \$37.50

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The pen with the Clip-Cap

It means that we are proving what we have for years asserted—that "Waterman's Ideal" makes its mark all around the world.

The latest honors are:

Highest Award and Gold Medal,
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The following is a complete list of the important awards and medals secured for the Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen:

1883, The Mechanics Institute, New York. The Medal of Excellence (Bronze).
1884, The Mechanics Institute, New York. The Medal of Superiority (Bronze).
1885, The Mechanics Institute, New York. The Special Medal (Silver).
1886, The Exposition Universelle, Paris. The Bronze Medal (Highest awarded to fountain pens).
1889, The California Midwinter International Exposition, San Francisco (Gold).
1890, The Cotton States and International Exposition, Atlanta (Gold).
1891, Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville (Gold). (Highest award given.)



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in qualities that are absolutely dependable and at the lowest prices that really high-grade Furs ever sell for. We know the market and we know your needs. Between the two we're rounding out the biggest October trade in the history of the store.

Dineens

Canada's Leading Furriers. 140 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Varsity and the Students



A FEATURE of undergraduate life in the past few years at Toronto University has been the number of undergraduate societies that have been formed for other than purely social purposes. The Literary Society of University College, the Engineering Society, the Medical Society, and the other faculty organizations are, of course, comparatively ancient, and are moreover semi-official in their nature. But there are now in existence many smaller and more informal clubs, formed by groups of men for special purposes, and all more or less exclusive.

The Historical Club, for instance, which was formed three years ago, largely through the efforts of Professor Wong, meets on alternate Thursday evenings at the residences of various prominent men, who take an interest in University matters. It is composed of twenty-four members, usually, but not necessarily, men in Arts. Every member, during the year, contributes a paper on some question of the day of world-wide interest, in history in the making.

The Thirteen Club is composed of that number of the senior class in Arts. It meets fortnightly, and is frequently addressed by men of note. The Speculative Club, as its name implies, deals with an infinity of topics in a variety of ways. The Iconoclasts is a somewhat similar organization, which meets in the catacombs of the old residence. It goes in for idol-smashing on a large scale, and some of its discussions, if repeated in the open air, would make the main tower dizzy.

These and other similar groups do much toward the education of their members on a side that is not touched in the lecture-room and the laboratory. They do much to supply that element of attention which, until there is a residential system on a large scale, will otherwise be lacking.

This week's "Varsity" comments editorially on the lack of accommodation for students in Engineering. In view of the erection at such a recent date of the Chemistry and Mining buildings, this seems somewhat strange. But this building, containing, as it does, the large number of laboratories that are necessary, has already as many men working in it as can be accommodated. But the Engineering building, commonly known as the "old school," is very much overcrowded. It was originally designed for one hundred and fifty; it now has to provide room for almost five hundred.

Under the present system of instruction at the school, each man has his own draughting desk, where he does much of his work. This is the method employed in most technical colleges, and is necessary to obtain the best results. This means that in the Engineering building more than three times the number of draughting desks must be placed than was intended in the original design. So many rooms which are totally unsuited have had to be requisitioned for this purpose, and even the halls to some extent. In these improvised rooms, which are badly ventilated and worse lighted, the draughting must be carried on. As this work forms a large part of the school training, and is at the best rather hard on the eyes, the results of the overcrowding cannot but have a great and injurious effect on the eyesight and general health of the students.

The Engineering building is, moreover, almost past its days of usefulness. Cheaply constructed in the first place, it is now decidedly antiquated, and may soon be hardly safe. Even to-day one part of the building has no great margin of safety.

There can be no doubt that increased accommodation for engineering students is urgently needed. Technical education has come to stay, and while the number of students cannot go on at the present phenomenal rate of increase (the freshman class has more than doubled in five years), there is no reason to believe that it will fall off. The demand for technical graduates is increasing every year; more than that, it still exceeds the supply. Nobody can say where it will stop, for industrialism and its accompanying demand for engineering skill is only at its outset in Canada.

How this increased accommodation is to be supplied in the present cramped state of the University ground is another question. But it is absolutely essential, and there are several possible solutions.

GOWN.

Social and Personal

Despite the lowering sky and general discomfort attendant on a wet day, many friends, new and old, found their way to Mrs. E. F. Burton's cosy little menage in Howland avenue, last Friday afternoon and evening, when she received for the first time since her marriage. The drawing-room, reception hall, and dining-room looked very charming with their artistic decoration of palms, ferns, and flowers; the "cheering cup" and its at-

tendant dainties being served from an attractively arranged table in the last-named room. The presiding genius, looking very pretty and girlish in her handsome robe des noces, was assisted by her mother, Mrs. Wicher, and Mrs. Herbert Langlois, while Mr. Burton was here and there among the guests, a number of whom were of the sterner sex. Mrs. Burton will receive again on the afternoon of Friday, November 2, and afterwards on the first Friday of each month.

Mrs. W. G. A. Lamb will receive at her home at Scarborough on Wednesday October 31, and Tuesday, November 6, and not again this season.

Miss Appleyard of Port Colborne is in town, the guest of Miss May Murray, 47 Rosedale road.

Mrs. T. H. Wood will receive for the first time on Monday and Tuesday afternoon, October 29 and 30, at her residence, 81 Bloor street east, and afterwards on the first, second, and third Mondays.

Mr. Frank E. Price, who for the past three years has been accountant of the Molsons Bank, Owen Sound, has been appointed manager at Dutton.

The annual meeting of the Harbord Alumnae Association will be held on Tuesday evening, November 27, 1906, in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms, 249 College street. Tickets may be had from Miss J. L. Galloway, 642 Bathurst street, or any other member of the Executive.

The 59th anniversary of the consecration of the church will be celebrated at the Church of the Holy Trinity Sunday, October 28. The rector, Dr. Pearson, will preach at the morning service, and the Venerable Archdeacon Sweeney in the evening. Special festival music will be rendered.

Doctor Adalyn Kingsbury Piggott, Osteopathist, and Mrs. M. Gomar White, for four years instructor of Physical Culture, in University College, are now taking registration of Physical Culture classes, beginning work October 31, at 152 Bloor street east. The work of these ladies will be from a hygienic and anatomical standpoint, each pupil having careful physical examination.

The announcement of the Ontario Horticultural Exhibition in Massey Hall, November 6 to 10, inclusive, will be greeted with pleasure by those who enjoyed the results of the untiring efforts put forth by the promoters last year. The thorough manner in which the representatives of the various associations interested take up this educational work regardless of expense is becoming more and more appreciated by all classes of the community. It is announced that Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with a number of other Toronto ladies, will judge the decorated tables. Massey Hall has to be turned almost upside down to accommodate this exhibition. All the chairs on the main floor must be removed. The famous Black Dyke Band will be in attendance throughout the whole of the show, and special arrangements have been made so that school children may attend every morning from 11 o'clock till noon. Society will be represented as in the past, and the private subscription list is unusually large.

In getting away from the ordinary cut and dry type of concert, the Sergeants of the 48th Highlanders are to be congratulated, and deserve the support of every concertgoer for their efforts.

Not only have they secured the very best artists in Toronto for their concert in Massey Hall on Thursday, November 1, but they themselves are hard at work on several choruses, which they will sing, and are gradually becoming perfect in the steps of the Scotch Reel and Reel O'Tulloch, which eight of their members will dance.

Canvas tents will be erected on the stage, sentries will do sentry go, the bugler will sound his various bugle calls, while the Sergeants will assemble in the tents and around the camp fire, all of which, along with their gay uniforms, will give the stage a very lively appearance.

Hunters.

"This is the best season for big game that we have had for a number of years." This remark was made by a well-known hunter, who has just returned from the north. He referred specially to the Temagami district.

One of Canada's Advantages.

Canada has to move crops, but we never hear of the process producing monetary stringency at Montreal or Toronto, or anywhere else. During the season of large requirements for currency the note circulation expands

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It Sets the Style

WHEN out of the multitude of shoes for women trying to be sold one shoe far surpasses all others in value of sales, there must be a reason for it. That one shoe is "Queen Quality." Its sales are far and away larger than any other women's shoe in the world. It can't be simple because of price, because many other shoes cost no more.

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regularly and easily, and as requirements diminish it contracts. There is not a safer bank currency in the world, and it has the element of elasticity to a perfect degree. Real currency reformers have been advocating this system here for years, but it seems like the voice of one crying in the wilderness.—New York "Journal of Commerce."

Lookin' Out.

Life's a mighty risky thing these busy, dizzy days,
You've got to keep a-watchin' in a dozen different ways;
Lookin' out fur autos that comes hustlin' down the road,
An' wonderin' if they're goin' to run you down, or jest explode;
Lookin' out fur engines when you drive across the track—
There doesn't seem a minute when you aren't on the rack;
Lookin' out fur sunstroke when the summer days unfold,
An' when winter comes a-lookin' out fur ketchin' cold.

Lookin' out fur prices when you've got some crops to sell;
Lookin' out fur bunco men that knows yer folks so well;
Lookin' out fur germs that comes flyin' through the air
An' never leaves you any chance of restin' anywhere!
Lookin' out fur burglars when you shut the house at night;
It re'ly seems existence isn't regulated right.

I'd like to be more cheerful, but I can't see what about;
It seems like there is nothin' to this life but lookin' out!

—Washington "Star."

Story of a Song.

A song of national circulation, "In the Sweet By and By," written by S. Fillmore Bennett of Elkhorn, Wis., had its birth in a country store. Mr. Bennett told the story, which is given in "Wisconsin in Three Centuries," as follows:

It was about the time for closing business in the evening when J. P. Webster, whose melodies have made Wisconsin famous, came into the store, feeling somewhat depressed.

I said to Webster: "What is the matter now?"

He replied: "It is no matter; it will be all right by and by."

The idea of the hymn came to me like a flash of sunshine and I replied: "The sweet by and by. Why would not that make a good hymn?"

"Maybe it would," he said indifferently.

I then turned to my desk and penned the hymn as fast as I could write. I handed it to Mr. Webster. As he read it his eyes kindled and his whole demeanor changed. Stepping



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MackKay

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to his desk, he began writing the notes instantly.

In a few moments he requested Mr. Bright to hand him his violin, and he played with little hesitation the beautiful melody from the notes. A few moments later he had jotted down the notes for the different parts and the chorus.

I do not think it was more than thirty minutes from the time I took my pencil to write the words before the hymn and the notes had all been completed, and four of us were singing it exactly as it appeared in the "Signet Ring" a few days later, and as it has been sung the world over ever since.

Too Previous.

Kemper: So you had a rough passage on the Atlantic; it was reported your ship had gone down.

Temper: Um. That's the reason I'm making a new will. I got back just in time to find my relatives already trying to break the old one.—Detroit "Free Press."

Not Happily Expressed.

Old Gentleman.—So you are anxious to become my son-in-law?

Young Man.—Yes, sir. So much so, in fact, that I am willing to marry your daughter.—"Smart Set."



SPORTING COMMENT

ONCE again it becomes our sad duty to note the fact that the Minto Cup will not winter in our midst. Down in the tall weeds back of the lumber-piles, in dear old Ottawa, those Caps put a blight on a choice young crop of aspirations, and there is none to whom we can go for comfort.

It is a lean year when a world's championship of some sort or other doesn't come to Toronto, and we were rather counting on the Tecumseh to keep up the good work. We wanted that Minto Cup as visible evidence of our prowess in a line of sport that we were supposed to be a trifle shaky in. It would have been such a satisfying refutation of the sneers of the captious ones in the East, who claimed that there was no lacrosse worth while West of the Ottawa.

Well, it didn't come off. Tecumseh couldn't win. With the Capitals it was a case of "no trouble" to show goods, and to say that they did show them, to the utter and disastrous defeat of the Pride of Hanlan's Point.

It is idle to speculate on the why and wherefore. One fact stands out clearly and unmistakably. Tecumseh were bested by a team that were their superiors in every department. It is a waste of time to say that the result would have been different had they been in better shape. On the top of their game they couldn't have done much more than they put up against the kind of lacrosse put up by the Capitals, and to say that is to pay the present cup-holders the highest compliment possible.

Individually, and as a team, they have demonstrated what head-work and experience will do, and it would be a great mistake for the Tecumseh, who are a younger team, to become discouraged because they didn't sweep everything before them the first year in the N.L.U. They didn't come out on top of the heap, but they have given a few of the wise ones down East something to think about till the robins nest again, Lucy dear.

Everyone is looking forward to a good season next year. The Minto Cup has been upset from the shelf in the Shamrocks' back parlor, where it was supposed to be nailed down, and has started out on its travels. Perhaps, if we are good, it may be induced to visit us for a spell. We ought to be able to find room for it somewhere.

The South African football team at present touring England is repeating the dose administered last year by the New Zealanders. To date they have won five games straight against East Midlands, Midlands, Kent, Durham and Northumberland for a total of 153 points. Durham was the only club to score against them, notching up a solitary 4.

It will be remembered that the New Zealanders did not meet with defeat till they played Wales, admittedly the strongest team in Great Britain. Though the South Africans may not equal this record, they are starting out as if they meant business, and it will be interesting to watch their progress.

Now, there is something about this that needs explaining. If the Englishman cannot play football under English rules, who can? These two teams arrived without any great flourish of trumpets, and then proceeded to make a show of their opponents. We hardly think there is any particular virtue in the air south of the equator that would account for their superiority, but there must be a reason. What is it?

"Marching through the Victorias" is a condensed account of the way the Hamilton Tigers disposed themselves at Varsity Field last Saturday. They had a perfectly lovely time, and incidentally rolled up the modest majority of 47 points on the match. It was not an exciting game to watch, but there was a certain amount of pleasure and instruction to be gained by noting the bewildering variety of plays pulled off by the Tigers and the precision with which they were carried through. They made mistakes, but clever work by individual members of the team always saved the situation. There was a tough-looking individual over in the bleachers, under the greenwood tree, who was much upset about the whole affair. He followed the course of the game with sombre looks till he could stand the agony no longer, and unbundled his soul to the following effect: "Say, ain't there nobody can put a crimp in them Tiger fellers?" Answer there was none. Every man in the stands was asking himself the same question, if a little more grammatically.

Napoleon, at the height of his career, had quite a reputation as a winner in his line, but his exploits fade into insignificance compared to the unbroken series of victories standing to the credit of the team from

beyond the Beach. Peterborough did her best to stem the tide, but to no purpose. Victorias battled manfully, and were walked on. Argonauts fell by the wayside the first match this season, and unless something out of the way happens at their next meeting the others will follow into the limbo of those who couldn't show the speed.

It is certainly up to Toronto to dig up a team that will give the Tigers a satisfying run for their money. It is all very pleasant to note the perfection to which they have brought the game, and any man who could not enjoy seeing them in action must be three parts dead, but we cannot doubt that the game will suffer in the long run if any one team is allowed a monopoly of success. Public patronage is a necessity, and the people who attend the games are but human. What they desire to see is a contest, not one team making a light lunch of the other.

We've got as good stuff right here as they have in Hamilton, so let's trot it out, and see if we can't jar the serene complacency of "Spectator," "Herald," et al.

Golfers throughout Canada may be somewhat at a loss to understand the new method of scoring in match introduced in Toronto. The idea must be all right, for it has been imported from Scotland, the home of the game. In a team match a man can make for his side a point and a quarter, in this way: The winning of the match counts one, and the winning of the bye counts one. If Smith beats Jones 4 up and 3 to play, he has earned a point, and the two men then proceed to play the remaining holes for 1-4 of a point. If Smith wins this three-hole match he counts 1-4 for his side, but if Jones wins in the three-hole match, Smith counts 1 and Jones 1-4. If they break even on the bye, Smith counts his 1 for winning the match. When a match is contested to the last hole, there is, of course, no bye, and no quarter point can be made. The new method of counting is an improvement on the point system, which experience has shown to have its faults. When a match is played for three points, it often happens that one player is only one hole up on his opponent, yet counts two points for his side. In local golf, on several occasions, a man has won by five or six holes, yet only counted two points. The objection to the one-point system is that a match often ends on the fourteenth or fifteenth hole. By playing quarter of a point for the bye, each game is fought out to the home green. The best game of all is the original eighteen-hole match, but the reason why it fell into disfavor is that sometimes one tail-ender, by coming in 10 or 15 down, defeated his team. Theoretically this would be all right, since both teams ran this risk, but in practice, the existence of this danger, led to the playing of all matches between the best players in each club. The effect of it was that average players got no chance in club matches. Golf, being a game that is played for sport, it seems admirable to adopt a method of scoring that will enable as many as possible to compete in matches.

I met my friend Bronson on the street the other day. He appeared to be much perturbed; walked along with knitted brows, in fact bore every evidence of having something on his mind. So, adopting the jovial manner considered essential at such times, I stepped up and, thumping him on the back, I said: "What's the matter, old man? Get caught on the wrong side of the market?"

He looked at me slowly for a moment, and replied: "No, I didn't; I'm worried that's all. You know Blank, my partner?" I said I did. "Well, then you know he's one of the dearest fellows living; on the square all the time, and takes his bumps like a man." I said this had always been my impression.

"Well," continued Bronson, "if you could have seen him yesterday you wouldn't have recognized him. We belong to two different golf clubs, and as I know his is a rotten course, I thought I would take him out to my club and show him what decent links looked like. As soon as we left the first tee the trouble began, and by the time we holed out on the second green he had developed a yellow streak that amazed me. I won the second by a thirty-foot putt, and noticed that my exploit was received in silence. On the next hole he pulled into the long, and cursed his caddy like a bargee for moving, when, as a matter of fact, the boy hadn't budged.

"After that I began to lose interest in the game. Every little while he would make a raw shot, and then howl about his rotten luck, when anyone could see with half an eye that his asinine playing was responsible. I finished the match at the fourteenth and wanted to play out the bye, but he refused, and, declining my invitation to come in and quench his thirst, took the next car for the city.

"Now, what I want to know is, what could induce a man who is ordinarily sane to make such a goat of himself while playing a quiet match with his best friend? I must say I am pretty wrathful about the whole business, and he can continue to pot-

ter round his thirty-cent course till doomsday before I ask him to come out and play with me again."

Bronson's indignation was quite justifiable. He didn't know that he was up against one of those unfortunate beings who are as much at home in sport as a hen in the middle of a pond. So intent are they on winning that if everything does not come their way they squeal, and squeal hard. We all know them. Every club has a couple. The only thing we can do is to deal gently with their infirmity, and incidentally shift them off on to some other fellow when they are looking for a game.

Mr. Asquith, opening the Golf Bazaar at Dundee on Thursday, said that he well remembered the surprise and amazement with which he and some Oxford friends, when at St. Andrew's thirty years ago, watched the natives engaged in their strange and outlandish pastime. Since then he had calculated that he himself might have learned two new languages in the time he had devoted to becoming a very indifferent performer at this game.

Only yesterday he had a letter from his son describing his round on the links at Khartoum. Never, he supposed, in the history of sport, and rarely in any form of human activity, had there been a case of a propaganda so rapid, so effectual and so complete.

DUCKS CAUGHT IN A STRANGE WAY.

FROM one of the beach stretches in the neighborhood of Gaspé Basin comes the story of the taking of wild ducks by a method exhibiting more ingenuity than humanity.

Owing to the long warm season the ducks, which as usual had gathered in large numbers for the winter migration, decided to remain and enjoy themselves along the coast. As the birds were wary, some hungry hunters determined upon adopting the plan suggested by one of their number, having been practised at his native place in the Isle of Man.

Quantities of peas were scattered thickly day after day for a whole week in a certain place. To this feast the ducks came in ever increasing droves, night being their favorite feeding time. Meanwhile the men were at work cutting the bristles off one of the stiff brooms used aboard ships in rough scrubbing decks. The short bristles were then passed completely through carefully soaked peas, so that the ends protruded on either side for about an eighth of an inch.

Laborious as this task must have been, it was persisted in until a good bushel of peas had been so treated. These were spread out thickly at evening time on the well baited ground. Strange quackings were heard all night by the listeners, who found a harvest of fine ducks covering the beach when morning broke.

It appeared from an examination that the unsuspecting birds gobbled up the peas as on previous evenings. The protruding bristles caused no trouble until the peas reached the entrance to the gizzard. But there the peas stuck fast, causing such distress as to make the birds lie perfectly still stretched out upon the sand. Every movement meant pain, and with their heads stretched out flat before them they permitted themselves to be taken by hand.

More than 1,000 were taken in one night, chiefly canvasbacks and red-heads. Their ill gotten gains were not, however, as large as the poachers expected. Ice is scarce along most of the beaches, owing to the heat of the summer, and cold storage of this immense supply of game was an impossibility. By wagons and by schooners the ducks were hurried to the nearest railway stations to be carried to the cities, but, owing to ignorance on the part of the shippers, prices realized were so small that it is doubtful if the whole catch of 1,050 fine fat ducks realized more than \$50.

Hunting Along the C.P.R. Without doubt the finest shooting in Canada is to be found on and north of the Canadian Pacific Railway's main line, particularly west of North Bay. The vast region so reached is well stocked with game of all descriptions, moose and deer abound, and every visiting sportsman is more than satisfied; it is impossible to make a mistake in selecting this country for one's hunting trip. An important point that should be kept in mind, too, is that in the whole country north of the C.P.R. main line the law allows shooting to start on October 15, fifteen days earlier than is permitted south of the line, and extends until November 15, thus giving a full month for the open shooting season. All C.P.R. offices are selling hunter's return tickets at one-way fare only, daily until November 6. Good to return until December 8, with liberal stop-over privileges, these tickets cover every hunter's requirements.

"Who's Your Tailor?" Men who dress well and who are customers are being continually asked that question. An exceptionally fine cut of garments is what "Vogue Tailoring Co." 9 West Adelaide street, guarantee their customers.

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Pure Wool Underwear
GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE

Soft, durable and elastic, will not felt, harden nor shrink. The ideal underwear for Canada's climate. It assures comfort, protects your health and keeps you warm whatever the temperature may be.

Look for the Tab on each Garment. It is the guarantee that the goods are unshrinkable.

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Roller Rink
Cor. BROADVIEW & QUEEN

Three Sessions Daily. Twelve hundred pair skates. The only white, clean floor. Separate floor for those learning.

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The Lost Ball.
Standing one day on the golf links, I was weary and ill at ease; And I baffled and fooled idly Over the whins and trees. I know not what I was dreaming, Or where I was rubbing then; But I swiped that ball of a sudden, With the force of two-score men.

It sped through the crimson twilight Like a shot from a ten-inch gun; And it passed from my fevered vision To the realm of a vanished sun; It chased over the bunker. It caromed hazard and hit; It went like a thing infernal— I suppose it is going still.

It shied each perplexing stymie With infinite nerve and ease; And bore right on through the landscape, As if it were loath to cease.

I have sought—but I seek it vainly— That ball of the strenuous pace. That went from the sole of my niblick And entered into space.

It may be some blooming caddy Can sooner or later explain; It may be that only in heaven I shall find that ball again.

The Granite Roller Rink have organized a roller hockey team. The following is a list of players: H. Bergoy (Marlboro), Edward Tutty, E. Arnold, W. Spencer, S. Crawford, C. Hornibrook, W. Lambert, T. Swanson and George Summers. Galt, London and Chatham have already organized. It is said a league will be formed in Ontario, embracing the teams mentioned above, and several others from various points of the province.

The advertising manager was in a towering rage. "What's the trouble?" they asked. "Why, they went and placed our prima donna's testimonial for a cold cure on the same page with the announcement that she had a sore throat and couldn't sing."—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

PARKDALE ROLLER RINK
212 COWAN AVE.

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FIT FOR A PRINCE
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BY
L. E. TIDDEMAN

THE village of Winthrop lay in a valley, amongst the Surrey hills; the July sun shone upon it, and it was the home of flowers. They were lavish and irrepressible in their growth, flourishing as freely in cottage gardens as in the squire's extensive grounds. The air was fragrant with the scent of roses and mignonette; soft summer dew filled the tiny sacs of the calceolarias and glittered on the velvet leaves of the many-colored pansies. Each blade of grass was tipped by a prismatic drop; the birds sang their sweetest, and Nature rejoiced.

But now that it was afternoon the dew had disappeared, the atmosphere was heavy with a drowsy heat, and Mrs. Wigley's sandy cat lay basking in the sun.

Mrs. Wigley lived at Jasmine Cottage, which has no jasmine growing over it, and did not rightly deserve the name of cottage, seeing that it was one of a long row of houses at the east of the village, about as countenanced in appearance as the workmen's dwellings at Battersea or Clapham Junction. Mrs. Wigley had no back garden whatever, only a tiny piece of ground in front with a wooden paling; and there was not much growing there, but a remarkably fine geranium, bearing magnificent trusses of a pale pink tint, stood in a pot on the window-sill. This geranium was the pride of Mrs. Wigley's simple soul; she took daily delight in it in spite of failing sight, and words of praise from admiring neighbors warmed the cockles of her heart.

Her friend, Mrs. Hubbard, Christian name Eliza, who lived at West Winthrop, was more eulogistic than all the rest put together, for Mrs. Hubbard was a great gardener, and knew a fine specimen as well as anyone, and better than most. Her own garden was a perfect picture, but she could not show a geranium like Sarah Wigley's, nor, indeed, anything to compare with it.

She called in on a certain Saturday afternoon, and paused before entering Jasmine Cottage to inspect her friend's possession. It was in full bloom.

"Well, I never!" cried Eliza Hubbard; "what a waste!"

Sarah Wigley was staring out of the window, but failed to recognize her friend; her eyes were contracted to a narrow slit, and she strove her hardest to trace the familiar features, but in vain.

"What a waste!" reiterated Mrs. Hubbard. "She can't see me, though I am as big as life and twice as ugly; and yet the Lord lets that fine pink geranium grow and blow under her very nose. It isn't any kind of good to her, and it would be a real blessing to me."

She might have waved her hand to Sarah, and enabled the contracted eyes to reopen, but she was too much put out to do that. In her present mood she felt that the ways of Providence were unjustifiable.

"That there geranium is deliberately wasting itself!" said she.

At this moment Sarah Wigley opened the window and stood revealed—a small, shrunken, widow woman, with a pale face and a pair of gentle eyes, sweet in their expression, albeit somewhat dimmed by defective sight. "Is that you, Eliza?"

"If it ain't, Sarah, it's my double." "Come right away in, then, do," Mrs. Hubbard obeyed.

She was a plump, round, little body, her cheeks were fresh as a russet apple, her face was framed by a sensible bonnet, tied under the chin by a pair of silver grey ribbon strings.

"You've been looking at my geranium, Eliza," said her friend. "Isn't it a picture?"

Mrs. Hubbard responded heartily; there was much talk about the flower, how fears had been entertained that the blight had got to it, etc., etc. As they conversed Sarah Wigley moved slowly about and set the tea handily enough, though it was plain that she could hardly see the cups and saucers. She poured out the smoking beverage in a breathless way, lest she should overpass the rim of the cup. In fact, when Eliza turned her head she was even guilty of putting her finger in, to make quite certain that there was space left for the milk. It was a clean finger to be sure. Everything about Sarah Wigley was clean—that was one of her strongest points.

"Your sight ain't as good as it used to be," remarked her guest.

"No," replied Sarah faintly; "it's going fast." At another time Eliza would have laid her hand on her friend's and spoken a few words of sympathy, but somehow or other they stuck in her throat just now. Inwardly she was repeating a tediously monotonous sentence. "She can't even see that pink geranium," she said.

"A little more tea, Eliza?" Sarah Wigley raised the teapot

again; Eliza Hubbard watched her, not with a soft pity in her heart, as was usual, but critically, carrying on within her brain a logical argument, the gist of which was that a pink geranium could not have any but an artificial, fanciful value to a woman who could not tell when she had filled a cup to the brim.

"There isn't any scent in a geranium," she said to herself; "it isn't as if she could smell it. A blind person might get enjoyment out of a rose, or a cherry pie—but a geranium, bah!"

They sat far into the evening, the hostess knitting, the guest fashioning a neat garment. About nine Mrs. Hubbard rose.

"I must be going, Sarah," said she. Mrs. Wigley waited until the silver grey strings were retied and the shawl adjusted, then accompanied her friend to the door. She shivered a little, being weak in health.

"Go in, my dear," said Eliza Hubbard; "you will catch your death of cold."

Mrs. Wigley retired; Eliza Hubbard drew the door close. Her face was crimson, her heart beat fast.

"It isn't as though she could see it," said she; "she won't even know it is gone, and if she does, what does it signify? What the eye does not see, the heart can't grieve for!"

She seemed rather proud of the quotation; of a certainty it had never been used in such a connection before. But pride was replaced by a dull sense of shame as she lifted up the geranium and, hiding it under her shawl, sped home with it. As she walked she planned where she would place the geranium; it would look best, she thought, between two fine white ones, of which she was uncommonly proud; and there she deposited it in the darkness. Having done so she retired to bed, having first knelt down to say her prayers. Oddly enough, however, the words would not come.

Sarah Wigley's next-door neighbor, Selina Pringle, chanced to close her street door behind her just as Sarah Wigley emerged next morning duly dressed for church. She looked over the paling, said "Good morning," and then exclaimed with sudden energy—

"Why, bless my soul! whatever have you done with your geranium?" Sarah had done nothing, and hastened to say so, standing aghast and peering close in dumb amazement.

"It was here safe and sound last night," said she; "Eliza Hubbard was admiring it."

This fact was self-evident; the two musks stood alone, there was a vacant space between them.

"Deary, deary me!" cried Sarah Wigley. "Did you ever?"

"No, I never did," replied her companion. "I haven't seen any tramps about, have you?" questioned Selina Pringle. On this point they were both agreed, but Sarah added a rider.

"Whether we've seen 'em or not, tramps there always are," said she, "and one of 'em has took my flower for certain."

The tears stood in her dim eyes. "I can't go to worship this morning," she observed; "though I know it's my duty; it seems as though I had lost my heart altogether."

She re-entered the cottage, unfolded the cotton handkerchief that wrapped her prayer book, sat down, and tried to read it, but alas! she could not. It was but a trifle, the loss of a flower she valued and had tended day by day, but Sarah Wigley's life was made up of trifles; they were therefore great to her, and after all, proportion is but relative with all of us. She sat blankly pondering over her bereavement, hardly noticing how the time passed.

"I must get my bit of dinner now," said she; "we must eat, whatever happens."

But there was no taste in the mutton chop and she did not care whether it was well cooked or not. The neighbors came in and consoled with her; she was impatient of their sympathy, though gentle by nature. She was glad when nine o'clock came; she could go to bed now, that was one comfort. Alas, no! Rat, tat, tat, on the door, and in stalked Selina Pringle.

"It ain't no tramp," said she. "What ain't no tramp?"

"The person that took the geranium."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have eyes in my head." A blank silence.

"What did you see with them?" asked Sarah Wigley at last. "I saw your fine pink geranium in Eliza Hubbard's front garden." "Fiddle-de-dee!"

"Nothing of the kind, I tell you I saw it. It was she as took it." "Fiddle-de-dee!" cried Sarah again.

"My dear," interrupted Selina Pringle, "I think you have forgotten your manners."

"Maybe; but anyway you have forgotten your charity. Eliza Hubbard is a good woman, as good a woman as ever wore out a pair of shoes."

"You think so?"

"I know it."

"Howsomever, your geranium is in her front garden."

"I don't believe it."

"Then you think I tell falsehoods?"

"I don't think anything; my time for thinking is past, and my time for doubting my friends hasn't begun yet. So I bid you good-night, Selina Pringle, and pleasant slumber."

"The same to you, Sarah Wigley. By the way, the reason I am so certain is that on the pot I saw—"

But Sarah Wigley closed the door with a firm hand, and put up the bar. Then she knelt at her bedside, and prayed God never to let her fall low enough to doubt her old friends. She prayed Him also to put it in the heart of the unknown tramp to restore her lost property. If God cares for the hairs of one's head, why shouldn't He care for a lovely geranium, she argued; and perhaps, after all, she was nearer to the truth in her simplicity than many a wiser person. As she rose from her knees a question presented itself to her mind.

"I wonder what Selina Pringle saw on the pot," she said; "to be sure there was a dab of red paint, but she couldn't have meant that."

She fell on her knees again. "Lord keep me from evil thoughts," she pleaded.

After this she crept into bed and slept like a child, the moonlight that fell across her face lending a new beauty to the homely features. A few days later Eliza Hubbard called. She peeped in through the window and saw her old friend sitting over the handful of fire, though the evening was sultry, shivering and holding her thin hands to the blaze.

"My gracious!" said she, stepping briskly in, "you ain't cold to-night, are you?"

Sarah Wigley rose stiffly.

"I'm a bit poorly, my dear; I ain't felt myself since my loss. You've heard tell how some tramp or the other made off with my pink geranium, haven't you?"

Mrs. Hubbard was apparently a bit poorly also, for she shivered likewise.

"I did hear some such tale," said she. "But I don't suppose you grieve much, eh, Sarah? It ain't as if your eyesight was as good as mine. You can't keep looking at the blossoms."

For answer Sarah Wigley burst into a flood of tears.

"I know I am worse than a fool to make a fuss about a geranium plant," said she, "but I suppose I am kind of low in health. Anyway, I can't help myself. I ought to be ashamed of myself," said she, "at my time of life not to have faith greater than a grain of mustard seed. Haven't I prayed the good Lord to put it into the heart of that tramp to bring me back my geranium, and who knows that he won't see fit to do it. I'd had that geranium three years, 'Liza, and I'd got to set store on 't as though it was a child. I hope you don't think me a weak sort."

Eliza Hubbard cleared her throat. "No," she said softly. "I don't. I wish I was half as good as you. But I ain't. I yield to temptation right away. I ain't more strength of mind than a baby. I say, Sarah, I wouldn't take on so if I was you. Perhaps—perhaps—"

She hesitated and cleared her throat again. "Perhaps you'll get your flower back again, after all."

She leant forward and kissed her friend's wrinkled cheek. It was an unusual action, but accounted for by the unusual circumstances.

"Good-night, Sarah," said she. "I'd pray again to-night, if I was you, just as you did before."

"Yes," replied Sarah, meekly, "I mean to." She was cheered by her friend's sympathy; there was a glow at her heart, a ring of confidence in her quivering tones.

The moment she rose next morning she glanced out of the window. Did her weak eyes deceive her? Was it really the geranium she saw below? She dressed herself hastily and hurried downstairs. Yes, there was no mistake about it, it was her pet flower, in the same pot, with the splash of red paint on its rim.

"The Lord be praised!" said she, hugging it close; "and the Lord be praised that I didn't fall so low as to have suspicions of my old friend, 'Liza."

And Eliza Hubbard, meanwhile, her face read with shame, clasped her hands together and offered her prayer.

"There ain't a meaner sinner on earth than me," said she, "but I never found it out till now." She

stooped and dug up her finest white geranium.

"I'm going round to Sarah's now at once," said she; "and while I'm about it I'll take this other white geranium to her as well. The pink one will look uncommon nice between them two."

To Study Railroad Wrecks.

The German Government has taken possession of a short strip of track near Berlin and is planning to execute a unique series of railroad "accidents" made to order. Every variety of misplaced switch will be tested, every possible defect in wheels, axles and car equipment will be tried out, and the grand finale is to be an immense head-on collision of locomotives. These spectacular exhibitions are not planned by the Government as a national amusement. They are for the purpose of scientific experiment, so that the engineers and railway experts may study ways and means to prevent accidents of all kinds in the future.

Railroad disasters have occurred with alarming frequency in the German Empire. It is estimated that the German railways lose \$1,260,000 annually through damages. After the causes and effects of each variety of wreck have been noted it will be the task of the Government officials to devise safeguards.—St. Louis "Post-Despatch."

INTERESTING CONTEST

Heavy Cost of Unpaid Postage.

One of the most curious contests ever before the public was conducted by many thousand persons under the offer of the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., for prizes of 31 boxes of gold and 300 greenbacks to those making the most words out of the letters Y-T-O-Grape-Nuts. The contest was started in February, 1906, and it was arranged to have the prizes awarded on April 30, 1906.

When the public announcement appeared, many persons began to form the words from these letters, sometimes the whole family being occupied evenings, a combination of amusement and education.

After a while the lists began to come in to the Postum Office and before long the volume grew until it required wagons to carry the mail. Many of the contestants were thoughtless enough to send their lists with insufficient postage, and for a period it cost the Company from twenty-five to fifty-eight and sixty dollars a day to pay the unpaid postage.

Young ladies, generally those who had graduated from the high school, were employed to examine these lists and count the correct words. Webster's Dictionary was the standard, and each list was very carefully corrected except those which fell below 8,000, for it soon became clear that nothing below that could win. Some of the lists required the work of a young lady for a solid week on each individual list. The work was done very carefully and accurately, but the Company had no idea, at the time the offer was made, that the people would respond so generally, and they were compelled to fill every available space in the office with these young lady examiners, and notwithstanding they worked steadily, it was impossible to complete the examination until September 29, over six months after the prizes should have been awarded.

This delay caused a great many inquiries and naturally created some dissatisfaction. It has been thought best to make this report in practically all of the newspapers in the United States and many of the magazines in order to make clear to the people the conditions of the contest.

Many lists contained enormous numbers of words which, under the rules, had to be eliminated. "Pegger" would count, "Peggors" would not. Some lists contained over 50,000 words, the great majority of which were cut out. The largest lists were checked over twice, and in some cases, three times to insure accuracy.

The \$100.00 gold prize was won by L. D. Reese, 1227 15th street, Denver, Colo., with 9941 correct words. The highest \$10.00 gold prize went to S. K. Fraser, Lincoln, Pa., with 9921 correct words.

A complete list of the 331 winners, with their home addresses, will be sent to any contestant enquiring on a postal card.

Be sure and give name and address clearly.

This contest has cost the Co. many thousand dollars, and probably has not been a profitable advertisement; nevertheless, perhaps, some who had never before tried Grape-Nuts food have been interested in the contest, and from trial of the food have been shown its wonderful rebuilding powers.

It teaches in a practical manner that scientifically gathered food elements can be selected from the field grains, which nature will use for rebuilding the nerve centers and brain in a way that is unimpeachable to users of Grape-Nuts.

"There's a reason."

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited.

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THERE is nothing nicer than Embossed Monogram Stationery, and it is particularly correct for the bride in acknowledging the receipt of wedding gifts. All work is promptly executed by our own engravers, who are noted for their superior workmanship. We can reproduce any design of your own or supply you from our special list of dies.

CORRECT and fashionable forms in Visiting Cards of the finest material; our Special Offer, engraving, script plate and 50 cards, **\$1.25**

Out-of-town Customers should write for samples.

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The Touch of the Artist

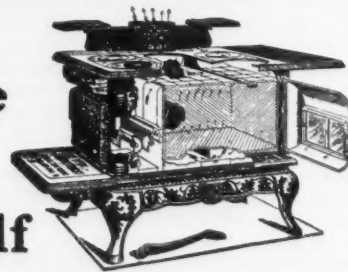
is visible everywhere in the

St. Charles Dutch Grill

It is very evident in the decorations, which are both rich and quaint. It is also very noticeable—that touch of the artist—in the cooking and the service, which are all that the epicure and connoisseur can possibly desire.

MUSIC DURING DINNER AND ALSO AFTER THE THEATER

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors

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Points About People

A good story is told in C.P.R. circles of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, president of that great corporation. Some time ago a person of rather seedy appearance went into the C.P.R. offices at one of the far western stations, and asked for transportation to Montreal, on the ground that he was a life-long friend of Sir Thomas. So eloquently did he make his plea that the local agent, though suspicious, concluded to wire headquarters, stating the circumstances, and asking if he should issue a pass. The telegram was laid before Sir Thomas, who at once recognized the old acquaintance as one he would rather leave in the West. So he indited a telegram, which read: "Don't. Let Jim walk." A week later, to his



astonishment, the persuasive Jim walked into his office, and thanking him for the transportation, proceeded to "make a touch." The great railroad man put the best face on the matter he could, and having gotten rid of his unwelcome visitor, proceeded to make an investigation as to why his express orders had been disobeyed. When the telegram was hunted up it was found that it was all due to punctuation, for it read: "Don't let Jim walk."

About forty years ago, the distinguished Oriental traveller, Dr. Lachlan Taylor, was to lecture in an Ontario town on the subject of his Eastern explorations. Two coroners of the town were informed that there was a corpse in the basement of the Methodist Church, and that their services were required. They arrived on the scene about fifteen minutes before the lecture, only to find that they were the victims of a ghastly joke, and that the corpse was none other than a mummy taken from a royal Egyptian tomb. Dr. Taylor, in the course of his public remarks that night, told the story of their visit to the basement, and, referring to the mummy, said: "Although this corpse is thousands of years old, the first inquest was held to-night."

As a platform orator, the late James Fahey had few superiors, and usually carried his audience with him when he undertook to voice his opinions on public affairs. Like many another gifted orator, however, he had his "off-days," when the personal magnetism did not work, and when the fickle audience would listen to neither rhyme nor reason. One of these occasions caught Fahey in the Chatham town hall during a bye-election, when Henry Smyth and Dr. Sampson were pulling and hauling for first place at the polls. "Jim," as he was familiarly called, had made a reference to a previous speaker that was not in accordance with the facts, and the audience placed itself unmistakably on record that a retraction was in order, and the chairman of the meeting decided that a retraction should be made. Fahey retracted by saying: "Mr. Chairman, I bow to you—" and before he could get any further the clear-cut tones of Hon. David Mills broke in: "You bow to the chairman and you bow-wow at the audience." And the last state of the orator was worse than the first.



It is but seldom that a short story plays a part in a political campaign, yet by a singular chance that is the honor which has befallen a little tale by the young Canadian writer, Harvey J. O'Higgins. In the October number of McClure's Magazine was published a story called "Tammany's Tithes," written by him some months ago. It chanced to appear just at the time of the rapprochement between Tammany and Hearst. The Republican State committee at once saw the possibilities of the story as campaign literature. Not only have thousands of copies been circulated in pamphlet form, but it has been syndicated in whole and in part, and is being circulated through the Republican press of New York State. It is

pleasant to add that it is in itself a genuine work of art, possessed of that sure psychological touch which has marked Mr. O'Higgins' earlier studies in Irish character. Mr. O'Higgins, hails from London, Ont., and was a nephew by marriage of the late Sir Frank Smith. His first writing was done on the Toronto press, and later he went to New York and worked on the newspapers there. He writes with the clarity and directness of a first class reporter. Mr. O'Higgins is now living in a small village near New York and working on a novel.

An old Conservative newspaper man, who as a young reporter was much in the company of Sir John A. Macdonald during the seventies, related the other day the only circumstances under which he had ever seen the old Chief Minister really embarrassed and put out of countenance. He had been speaking at Woodstock and was on his way to another town where he was to speak next day. The train on which he was travelling was crowded with excursionists, and Sir John, who was out of power, did not have the private car which is almost a necessity to political leaders at times of political excitement. Sir John and the reporters sought out a quiet corner and the leader was going over his speech with the young men, suggesting the points to accentuate. Suddenly a big farmer, "bearded like a pard," and full of enthusiasm and other stimulants, espied him, and bore down on him with expressions of loyalty. Sir John took the compliments with his usual savoir faire until the supporter suddenly roared out: "I love you, Sir John! I love you so much I'm going to kiss you!" and though Sir John dodged, the ruffian succeeded. Sir John blushed like a girl, and sat with the air of a man who had been kicked, for the rest of the journey.

J. G. Kerr and Archie P. McKechnie have returned from spending a few days at Mitchell's Bay, says the Chatham News. They went on purpose to make a call on the ducks, and quite a number of the latter accepted their invitation to come to Chatham and stay awhile. Archie met with a remarkable experience. While busily engaged in jotting down the words of a suddenly inspired sonnet on the stock of his gun, he chanced to notice six fine teal coming along in a straight line, one after another. They were coming straight for him. Quick as a flash, Archie raised his gun, and, with unerring aim, fired at the foremost bird. The teal getting the benefit of the full charge, stopped dead, and the other five birds, coming up behind it at tremendous speed, were unable to swerve or dodge, and the terrific impact against the dead body of their leader broke the necks of all five birds. The thing happened so quickly that Archie couldn't credit it till he saw the six dead birds all in a heap. Local sportsmen declare that the incident is unique, and, in fact, say that they would never have believed it had not Jack Kerr himself vouched for the truth of the story.

At the London station last Monday morning the 6.20 train for the east was almost ready to start when a bright-looking young girl was offered the TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT of October 20th to relieve the monotony of the journey. "I saw it last week," she said mournfully; "and that front page is perfectly dreadful with all our London scandal on it. I'll tell you what I'm going to do all the time I'm away—I've decided to say that my home is in Woodstock." "You'd better not," warned a young man who had just given her a box of chocolates, "or they'll find you out and think you're as bad as the other London liars." This reply was rather suggestive, and the girl made up her mind that, in spite of its politics, London is too fine a town to be disowned, even in favor of Woodstock.

On Friday evening, Oct. 12, Hon. Daniel O'Connor, ex-Postmaster General of Australia, appeared on the platform of St. Patrick's Hall, Ottawa, with his world-famous namesake, Mr. T. P. (Tay Pay) O'Connor, and made a splendid plea for Irish Home Rule. The following morning, accompanied by the Secretary of State, Hon. R. W. Scott, he visited the various points of interest in and around the House of Commons, and expressed himself unreservedly when important objects caught his eye. In the reading room are portraits of a number of men whose names are "writ large" in the history of Canada. In a corner near the door is a portrait of the French leader of the rebellion of 1837. "That," said the Secretary of State, "is the great Papineau, the French leader of the rebellion of 1837." Mr. O'Connor's militant Milesian spirit and respect for the memory of a brave man at once asserted itself, and lifting his silk tie, and bowing to the portrait of the hero and statesman, he said, with heartfelt earnestness, "Sir, I take off my hat to you!"

Mr. James Haverson, K. C., who is known all over Ontario as the counsel for the Licensed Victuallers' Association, and who has argued many and many a time against local option by-laws and convictions of liquor-sellers, is a teetotaler. At Osgoode Hall the other day he became engaged in an animated conversation with some prohibitionists on the question of prohibition. "There would be no need of such a law if all men would do as I do," said the lawyer, "I prohibit my own mouth."

It was in the session of 1871, shortly after John Sandfield Macdonald had been forced to abdicate in favor of Edward Blake in the Local Assembly of Ontario, and the Provincial Parliament held its sittings in the old buildings on Front street, Toronto, now past and gone. On this particular occasion John Sandfield, in that high-pitched, piping voice which age had accentuated and the cold shades of opposition had intensified, was replying to certain assaults that had been made on the late Government by Edward Blake, the leader of the then Government. "I don't care—I don't care," and then, after a brief pause, he again said, "I don't care," and hesitated. It is written that he who hesitates is lost, and John Sandfield's hesitation on that particular occasion enabled his more ready opponent, Blake, to rise in his place, doff his slouch hat to Mr. Speaker, and reply to the ex-Premier, "You are like the miller of Dee—the burden of whose song ever seemed to be: 'I care for nobody—no, not I—and nobody cares for me.'"

A certain Toronto man who occupies a Government position, and who is very well known because of his genial nature, is an Irishman "to the backbone," as he says himself. His conversation—like that of many Irishmen—is marked by cheerful exaggeration, particularly when he indulges in qualifying phrases. He has one favorite expression. Run counter to him in argument, and he'll "bet you a thousand you're wrong." Try to explain anything to him and he assures you you are wasting your time—he has seen "thousands of things like that," and knows all about them. But a man's peculiarities will sooner or later deliver him into the hands of his friends to be laughed at. Not long ago this happy-hearted Irishman was married, and on the eve of the wedding some of

his associates gave him a little informal supper. At last the bridegroom-to-be, much elated, uprose to make a speech. "I'm a proud man," said he; "she's the finest girl in the world—the finest I ever went with, and I've gone with thousands!"

A fair example of the bosses who manage political affairs in the United States is William J. Conners, better known as "Fingey" Conners, of Buffalo. He is described by *Leslie's Weekly* as a picturesque figure of the Independence League-Democratic campaign in New York State. He is the Democratic State chairman. As the most active of the Hearst boomers within the ranks of the Democratic party before the convention, he was rewarded with the chairmanship. Conners began life as a longshoreman on the Buffalo docks, where he lost a thumb, and thereby gained his nickname. This misfortune turned his attention to an easier means of making a living, and he became a saloon-keeper, widening his sphere of activities until he owned a chain of drinking-places and blossomed out as a grain-elevator contractor. He became rich and bought the Buffalo *Courier and Enquirer*, which he still owns. At the opening of the Spanish-American war he sold his yacht *Enquirer* to the Government for \$110,000—it had cost him about \$65,000—but it proved to be unfit for sea service, and was re-sold for \$11,000. Conners is unpopular with Buffalo's laboring men, because he used to make his longshoremen take part of their pay in brass checks, redeemable only at his saloons, and because of strike troubles. Nor is he *persona grata* with the Delaware avenue contingent of Buffalo society, having attempted in vain to "break into" the exclusive Buffalo Club. He hopes, however, when he gets a United States Senatorship as a reward of his services to Mr. Hearst, to be able to "put it all over" those who have balked his social aspirations.

Sir Alfred Mosely, C.M.G., is at present engaged in superintending the final arrangements in Canada and the United States for his latest educational project. In order to enable a large number of school teachers from the United Kingdom to visit the United States and Canada at a merely nominal cost, he has secured the co-operation both of the leading Atlantic steamship companies and of leading educational authorities on the other side of the Atlantic, with excellent results. Between November and April, 500 teachers of either sex—the beneficiaries comprising headmasters, headmistresses, assistant teachers, and, indeed, public instructors of all grades, from the university to the elementary school—will leave in batches of five. The English educational authorities concerned have granted leave of absence, and on arrival the teachers will be met by local educational committees, and under their guidance inspect typical institutions in the principal centres of Canada and the United States with a minimum expenditure of time and money. The educational result in the betterment of British methods should be considerable, and the enlargement of the British teaching mind on Canadian questions generally cannot fail to be most welcome.

Which is the Real Mr. Hearst?



A FRIENDLY VIEW.

Every day Hearst is able to talk with 2,000,000 American families. His newspapers are published in Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. And they will soon be published in many other cities. The constant bitter efforts that are made to misrepresent him fail, for his voice reaches further than the voice of any other man in the country. There has never before been assembled in this world an audience such as that which Hearst commands, and therefore it is safe to say that there has never been a man possessing his peculiar influence and power for good.

Lord FitzWilliam, who has just been elected a member of the Jockey Club in England, after being on several occasions blackballed, and who is recovering from a serious attack of enteric fever, a malady to which he has been prone ever since his participation in the Boer war, can boast of owning the biggest country house in all England. Known as Wentworth House, it is a place so huge that guests find it of advantage to bring with them treble the ordinary number of hats, which are kept at the various entrances, so as to save them the trouble of walking about a quarter of a mile from one entrance in order to fetch the hat which they may have left at another. It is asserted, moreover, that when Baron von Liebig, the eminent German scientist, stayed there he insisted on being provided before he retired for the night with a packet of wafers, so that by dropping them in a continuous line from the smoking-room to his bedroom he might the next morning find his way back again.

A King Who Dislikes Journalists.

IS MAJESTY OSCAR II, King of Sweden, to a writer in *Les Lectures pour Tous*, has confided the fact that he has no confidence whatever in the accuracy of most of the statements that appear in the press nowadays; reporters he abominates. The press retorts by asking him to be his own reporter. "The newspapers have quite a mania," he says, "for sending reporters to me to try and make me speak to them about politics, but this I will not consent to on any pretext whatever. As for the reviews, they go one better. I am for ever being asked for articles—'signed articles'—the writers of the requests offering me royal remuneration and leaving me free to choose my own subjects."

"The editors of two American monthlies recently wrote to the King at Stockholm, entreating his collaboration on what they specified as 'exceptional terms'—twenty dollars a word. The humor of such demands tickles the King immensely, for humor is a quality very dear to his heart; and, of course, the English language (in which the requests are couched) is as familiar to him as any one of the six 'tongues' he can speak fluently. He has himself a very pretty gift of repartee.

"When the French representatives at the Congress of the Press at Drottningholm, in 1897, asked King Oscar whether he was not somewhat alarmed at such an influx of Republicans to his Court, he answered gaily, 'Not in the very least. I like Republics immensely—for other countries. What would you have? In my own country I am a staunch Royalist!'

"Anecdotes of the sort abound. On one occasion the King perceived two tourists, unmistakably of British nationality, looking wistfully through the closed gates of the castle at Ulricksdal, as is the wont of tourists each time their progress is stopped. The janitors of the gates assured the strangers in vain that it was private property, to which access was not free to the first-come. In the midst of the discussion the King made a sign to allow the insistent visitors to pass. They took their kind advocate to be the steward, and somewhat cavalierly asked him to show them round. Without any demur, Oscar II. did as he was requested, stalked through each room, opened cupboards, explained the subject of the pictures in the usual manner. When it was all over one of the visitors prepared to bestow a handsome *douceur* on their obliging guide, while the other was paying him a carefully turned compliment.

"You seem to know the place from garret to basement; no doubt you have a pretty good appointment here?"

"Fairly—fairly good," was the King's modest answer. "I am—what shall I say?—owner of the place."

Canadian Barons.

Lord Haliburton, who has just celebrated his 74th birthday, is a Canadian peer of whom Canadians have heard very little in recent years, says the London (Ont.) *Advertiser*. His career, however, has been an unusual one. The son of Judge Haliburton, the Canadian author, who achieved fame by writing *Sam Slick*, Lord Haliburton was born in Nova Scotia, and practised for a time there as a barrister. The Crimean war found him in the British army, serving on the commissariat staff. He then settled in England, receiving an appointment in the British civil service, as assistant director of supplies and transport, and after having held the directorship in that department, he was appointed assistant Under Secretary for War in 1888, seven years later becoming permanent Under Secretary for War. In 1898, a few years after retirement, he was made Lord Haliburton. The barony, however, threatens to become extinct, for Baron Haliburton, Sir Arthur Lawrence Haliburton, K.C.B., of Windsor, N.S., has no heir. When he dies, Canada will have but four barons and one baroness in her own right, unless some additional Imperial honors of this class come our way. The barons are: Lord Aylmer; Baron de Longueuil, who owed his title to Louis XIV., and had it confirmed by Queen Victoria in 1880; Lord Mount Stephen, and Lord Strathcona, both of C.P.R. fame. The one baroness is Baroness Macdonald, widow of the late Sir John A. Macdonald, who was given the honor in 1891.

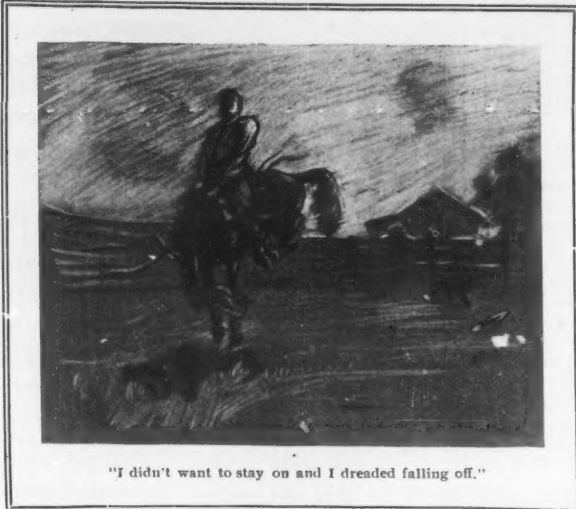
Honesty is not so rare in Canada as some recent revelations might lead one to suppose. There is plenty of good, old-fashioned honesty among the people. The Toronto *Globe* says: "One correspondent tells of a man who toiled hard and saved until he was able to pay a debt that had been outlawed under the statute of limitations and cancelled by his creditor. Another writes of a man who became unexpectedly wealthy through the discovery of oil on his farm, and who sent a cheque for two thousand dollars to the former owner of the farm, a poor man. A man from Cobalt declares that at least two Government officials would have been millionaires had they made use, directly or indirectly, for their own advantage, of the knowledge which personal observation gave them long before either the Government or the public knew or cared anything about Cobalt or its mineral wealth. There is probably not a daily newspaper in Toronto that has not on its staff at least one man who has refused a block of stock in some valuable mining property or industrial corporation, even though he knew that leading citizens with ten times his income had accepted similar gifts."

Gold in the claw of a wild duck killed on the Klondike flats is the latest sensation reported from Dawson City. The duck was killed by Jack Lee while on his way from the north fork of the Klondike, says the Dawson *News*. Colonel Williams, of the Bonanza Basin dredge bought the duck with a number of others. On opening the claw the Colonel was surprised to find twelve gold colors there. Where the duck got the gold is a question. It is known there is gold on the Klondike River bottom, but probably not so plentiful in any one known spot as to permit a duck to pan twelve colors with one crop full of sand. The duck is a widgeon. It doubtless was on its way south with other birds of passage. Somewhere in the vast north, it appears, that duck must have fed on golden sands which would be a halcyon spot for the eager prospector.

With the recent promotion of Captain John Denison, R.N., to the rank of rear-admiral, the number of Canadian flag officers in the British navy is brought up to three, the others being Admirals Douglas and Drury, says the *Canadian Gazette*. Captain Denison, who was at one time commander of the Royal yacht, was captain of H.M. cruiser *Niobe* when it escorted the German Emperor from England to Flushing on the occasion of His Majesty's visit to London for the funeral of Queen Victoria. It may also be recalled that Captain Denison's late ship acted as escort to the Prince and Princess of Wales when they returned from Canada at the conclusion of their colonial tour.

AN ENGLISHMAN OUT WEST

By Walter Mills



"I didn't want to stay on and I dreaded falling off."

Alta, Sept. 16, 1906.

Dear Percy,—When leaving dear old England, I promised to write to you as soon as I got settled in Canada. Fact is, I feel considerably unsettled at present, having recently got short circuited from a broncho's back, but more about that later. The first job I had since coming to this country was on "The Dear Old Farm," in the western part of Manitoba; here everybody worked, including

father, and he got up at four a.m. to feed clover to the bees. From the way I had heard government agents describe farming methods in Canada I imagined that you just had to shoot seeds into the clouds with a shot gun, and the next time it rained, the ground would be covered with turnips or pumpkins, according to the variety of seed used, and that successful farming was merely a matter of getting under shelter when a crop was due to fall. Of course this is all rot. From personal experience I have found that work on a farm includes all the category of toil,—from poisoning potato bugs, down to singing the baby to sleep. The first morning of farm life I was awakened by the farmer playing a tattoo with the toes of his boots on my bedroom door, and on enquiring what all the beastly row was about, was informed that it was ten minutes past four, and time for the pigs' banquet. After telling me that I would find a bucket of sour milk for them in the woodshed he left me trying to struggle into a pair of overalls while only half awake. At the same time I was consigning the farm and everything on it to warmer regions. I came down the stairs three steps at a time trying to make up the lost ten minutes,—arrived at the woodshed,—took a bucket, which in my opinion was sour milk, and hurried to the piggery, which I easily located by the melodious grunts and squeals with which the porkers were trying to make known their wants. After filling the trough I was watching the strenuous efforts each pig made by way of expressing thanks for the breakfast I had provided for them, and thinking how cruel I had been to oversleep myself for even ten minutes when such appetites were awaiting my appearance. I again heard the boss making enquiries as to my whereabouts, and, as I anticipated, he had discovered some more work needing a little agitation on my part. This time I was detailed to make an attack on the woodpile, where I managed to use up a lot of energy and raise a few blisters before breakfast was announced by the wife giving an imitation of Bow bells on a rusty mule board, which was suspended outside the kitchen door. During the meal the farmer put me through a catechism of farm etiquette. He finally asked me if I could give the definition of a farm. Describing farms in general, I told him it was a piece of land with a fence around it where they raise everything but the mortgage. By way of showing appreciation at my intelligence, he said he would give me a chance at lifting the mortgage by clearing the garden of weeds. He warned me to be very careful when weeding, of some strawberry roots which he said had caused a lot of trouble and expense. I assured him they would receive my best attention. When I arrived at the garden the weeds and strawberry plants all looked alike to me, so I went at them with a hoe and made fairly good progress. By the time I had finished the job it was getting rather warm, so I sought a shady spot at the back of the barn, and was enjoying a quiet smoke when the boss put in an appearance around the northeast corner. He of course saw me—it had always been my misfortune to get caught with the goods—wanted to know whether I was herding the chickens or writing poetry, and by way of piling on more satire, reminded me that I had started the day ten minutes behind schedule time and had lost a lot since. He then expressed a desire to view my attempts at weeding, and asked if I had got it all done. I decided to put his education to a test and answered, "Tout fini, monsieur." The effect was far from desirable, as I just had time to get out of the way of a well-aimed number nine cowhide, which I saw coming in my direction. I was trying to explain that "tout fini" was the French way of saying "all done," when we arrived at the garden. The expression on his face when he beheld the scene of my recent labor made me feel somewhat concerned. After scrutinizing each corner, he turned to me and asked in a choked voice, "How did the hog get through the fence?" Said he had been a farmer all his life and could never mistake the work of pigs when they got into a vegetable garden and that the result was very much like a field plowed by a tornado—I think he was going to say a lot more things that would lower my ambition as a farmer; only at this stage the housewife came running out. "For goodness sake! Caleb Swatridge, when are you going to feed the pigs? Their milk is still behind the woodshed door, and will soon be licked up by the cats and flies. I made some soft soap the end of last week, and here it is Monday, and washday, and no soap anywhere." The farmer was like one stricken by some great calamity, with mouth gaping he stood looking at me as though trying to read an explanation to the problem in my face. It was plain that I had fed the soap to the pigs. The farmer went on the double towards the pig-pen, while I decided to cut out farming for good and to make a run for it. I have never considered myself a slouch when it came to a straightaway sprint, and this time I think I excelled all previous efforts. After putting a few miles between myself and the scene of riot, I arrived at the town, and on enquiring at the railway station, found that there would be a train for the west in a couple of hours. On the opposite wall of the ticket office my eyes were attracted by a highly colored example of the lithographers' skill extolling the superior qualities of a certain brand of Alberta beer. The subject was a picture of a mounted cowboy in chaps and spurs carrying a bottle of the beer in his right hand. In the distance were a band of hostile Indians in hot pursuit. The printing below ventured the information that they were both "much sought after."

to the ranch, a distance of fifty miles. Among some half a dozen employees was a Chinaman cook who was responsible for the victualing of the camp. My first experience with the Chink did not leave a very favorable impression. I happened to be in the cook house when he was making prune pies. When the time came to apply the sweetening, he put a handful of sugar in his mouth and sprayed it on the pie, in the same way that they sprinkle water on the shirts in a laundry.

This morning the boss told me to saddle a horse and help find some cattle which had strayed. The only horse left in the corral was a small black one which went by the name of Remorse. I had some difficulty in getting the saddle properly arranged on account of the broncho side-stepping from one side of the enclosure to the other. I thought at the time that it was only the flies bothering him. He seemed to know when I was ready and stood perfectly still while I mounted. Just at this time several things seemed to happen all at once. He arched his back and the ground seemed to sink from under me. He kicked, squealed, and in general, performed the whole art of bucking known to his cunning mind. The nearest way you can realize the sensations in a case of this kind is to slide down a steep flight of stairs on a broom, hitting every step on the way down. I secured a good hold on the saddle, but the jar was beastly awful. I didn't want to stay on, and I dreaded falling off, but the fates at last decided the situation. During an extra high leap the saddle straps gave way and I landed like a wounded duck among some wild-rose bushes. Some of the ranch hands had gathered around by this time, and judging by the expression on their faces, the pantomime must have been a comical one. At present I feel as though I had fallen to pieces and been sewed up with binder twine. Some sympathizer advised me to apply Omega oil, and I think the advice will be accepted by. Your cousin

HAROLD.

Individualities.

Mrs. Agnes Lewis of England is the only woman who has received the degree of D.D., which has been conferred upon her in recognition of her labors in deciphering some ancient manuscripts of the Bible which were discovered in a monastery on Mt. Sinai. She is the most famous woman Bible scholar in the world.

General Nogi of Port Arthur fame is paying the penalty of popularity at the hands of autograph seekers. The form which this has taken in Japan has about it a touch of sentiment, inasmuch as the relatives of soldiers who fell before Port Arthur are seeking the general's autograph inscription to place on the tombstones of the dead.

Dr. George Armstrong died at Spokane, a fortnight ago. He was born at Flesherston, in Grey County, forty-eight years ago, and graduated in medicine from Trinity College, Toronto. He afterwards practiced in Markdale along with Dr. Sproule, M.P., later going to the State of Washington, where he attained eminence in his profession. For a time he served as United States consul at Rossland, B.C. His first wife was Miss Ina Lazier of Belleville, who died some years ago. All the Ontario friends of Dr. Armstrong have heard with regret of his early death.

Norvert Weiner, son of Professor Weiner of Harvard University, seems entitled to the distinction of being termed a successor of *The Admirable Crichton*, who, toward the close of the sixteenth century, was sent to college at St. Andrew's when he was ten years old, and took his Master's degree at fifteen. Young Weiner at eleven years of age is a freshman at Tufts College, and is supposed to be the youngest college student in America. At the age of three he could write with perfect ease, and at eight he was studying the Darwinian theory. It was the intention of the boy's father to send him to Harvard, but the college authorities refused to admit him on the score of age.

At the half-yearly meeting of shareholders of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, in London, Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson complained about the legislation at Ottawa last year increasing the import duty on steel rails. He said that this duty would cost the G.T.R. about \$200,000 a year, and would be a heavy and unexpected tax on the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific, amounting, probably, to four million dollars. The company had not anticipated any such move as this when the contracts with the Dominion Government were entered into. The Ontario Government also had put a heavy tax on railways, an increase of taxation on the G.T.R. of \$95,000 a year. Sir Charles, talking to an audience of shareholders, got a sympathetic hearing. "It is only right," he said, "that the shareholders should know what a hard struggle the company had to hold its own against the oppressive treatment it often met at hands from which it ought to receive better treatment." It is interesting to get the shareholders' point of view.

Considerable disparity of opinion has resulted from the presence of an African Bushman pygmy boy in a large cage provided for monkeys in the Bronx Zoo, New York. The little African, whose name is Oto Benga, vis-

ited the St. Louis Fair, and, liking the country, came back with Dr. Verner, a traveller. When he arrived there was difficulty about providing lodging for him. Benga was too wild for hotel life, even at the Astoria, and not being used to civilization, required attentive guardianship. Finding that wild creatures are made comfortable in the Zoo, Dr. Verner saw Director Hornaday, who said he would take care of Benga, and gave him quarters at the Zoo. Benga was happy there, but the Colored Baptist Ministers' Conference took the view that Benga was giving a degrading exhibition of a human being in a cage with apes, and appointed a committee to do something about it. Benga, who speaks the Hottentot language, was then taken out of the cage, and will soon go to North Carolina, where Dr. Verner will send him to school, and qualify him to disclose even more impressively than now how immeasurably far apart is the lowest grade of human creature from the highest grade of ape.

Charles E. Hughes, the Republican candidate for Governor of New York, is of Welsh extraction, and was born forty-four years ago in Glen's Falls, N.Y., the son of Rev. David C. Hughes, a Baptist minister. He entered Colgate University, but after a time was transferred to Brown at his own desire, and had won two degrees, A.B. and M.A., at the age of 19. In 1882 he entered the Columbia Law School, from which he was graduated in 1884. He married, in 1888, Antoinette Carter, a daughter of Walter S. Carter, a member of a law firm. He was occupied with teaching and the holding of a prize fellowship in Columbia Law School until 1891. He is now a member of the firm of Hughes, Rounds & Schurman, with offices at 96 Broadway, New York. He is personally a man of great charm of manner. He is fond of walking and tramping, principally with a view to health. It was by his work as attorney for the Armstrong Committee of the New York Legislature, which investigated the business methods of the large life insurance companies, that Mr. Hughes came to be best known. Before that he had been counsel for the Stevens Assembly Committee, which investigated the charges made by gas companies. For his services as inquisitor in the insurance matters Mr. Hughes received \$25,000.

Character Influenced by Surgery.

Apropos of a recent remark in *London Truth*, a friend of the editor of that journal tells him the following interesting story as an illustration of the physical origin of criminal instincts. He gives it on the authority of one of the most eminent surgeons of the day, who narrated the experience in his presence. Some years ago a man who had received some injury to his head in a mining accident came under the charge of this surgeon, who was not so well known then as he is now. After he appeared practically cured, the patient developed into a dissolute ruffian of the most depraved type, having previously been a man of irreproachable life. He came back to the doctor, complaining of strange sensations in his head, which the doctor was unable to account for. One day, in the course of conversation, the man mentioned that since the accident he found himself unable to read, though he could still recognize the letters of the alphabet. The surgeon thought he saw a clue, and offered to perform an operation on the man's brain, which was carried out, with the result that a small abscess was discovered and removed. The man quickly recovered, not only his health, but his former moral character. Many authentic cases parallel to this can be found in medical works. The problem which they suggest is a wide one, and goes far beyond that of the moral responsibility of the mere criminal. I suppose that one of these days, when science and surgical skill have made a little more progress, we shall be able to influence a man's moral character in any direction desired by means of a surgical operation.

When Cuba was for Sale.

It is not generally known that Cuba very nearly became a French colony in the reign of Louis Philippe, for Spain being without other means of raising money, Queen Christina offered some of the principal Spanish colonies for sale, says the *Sketch*. Secret negotiations were carried on at the Tuilleries between Senor Campuzano, the Spanish Ambassador; Senor Aguado, the banker; the Prince de Talleyrand, and King Louis Philippe, and the first article of the treaty, by which Spain was to sell Cuba to France for thirty million francs, or £1,200,000, was quickly agreed to. But the second article, relating to Porto Rico and the Philippines, broke off the negotiations, for Spain asked £400,000, whereas France would offer only £280,000, King Louis Philippe asserting that the acquisition of the Philippines might easily involve him in a war with England. It is significant that in those days neither party paid the slightest attention to what the United States might think; but the Spaniards must now regret that they did not accept the million and a half or thereabouts, for it would have saved them many millions in the ensuing sixty years.



"I see ez haow some millionaire hez do-nated money fer spellin' reform."
"Shucks! I reckon the ole way'll allus be plenty good enough for me."—*Life*.

Our Most Cosmopolitan Street

KING STREET is our most cosmopolitan thoroughfare. If applied in a national sense, this statement might cause Montreal, or even quaint old Quebec, or perhaps—who knows, such is their precocity—some of the cities of the bounding West, to protest that "there are others." Your true Torontonians, however, would merely laugh at such protests, and put them down as petty expressions of local jealousy. It will be remembered that Richard Harding Davis once said that if you sat long enough on a certain boulevard in Paris, you would see everyone worth seeing in the world. Of course, the modest Dick made this discovery after he had visited Paris and had himself sat and smiled his worldly smile upon the boulevard in question. So with the average citizen of this town—the "chief seat of learning and culture in the Dominion." He walks upon King street himself, has seen many great men walking there, and knows it must be the most interesting street in the country. He knows that every person of prominence in Canada, and most of the notabilities of the world at large must sooner or later find their way to Toronto. Some of them come to entertain us, some to be entertained, some to lecture us, and others are brought merely for exhibition purposes. And it is in King street that the public may see them when they stroll abroad. The goodly array of distinguished men, from all climes and countries, who have honorary degrees conferred upon them by the University of Toronto, and most of whom make their appearance—at least on foot, and in ordinary attire—only in King street, would, of themselves lend that thoroughfare an air of cosmopolitanism scarcely to be found elsewhere in this country.

The snapshot fiend on the trail of a celebrity in town, the young lady eager for a near glimpse of her matinee idol, the small boy anxious to get a peep at his athletic or theatrical hero, the real devilish youth sighing for a sight of the pretty chorus girl whose eye he fancies he caught last night—all these will meet with their reward if they watch and wait in King street. To everybody who enjoys the study of humanity, the atmosphere of King from York street to the King Edward is interesting—even fascinating. It is an atmosphere to be found nowhere else in the streets of the city. Here men stand in groups and talk lightly of millions. They discuss matters that may affect a thousand shareholders in Ontario; or ten thousand farmers in the West, or a small army of railroad laborers in South America. The King street outlook is not confined, like that of Yonge street, to the Bay, the Island, and possibly Hamilton. It embraces the great ever-changing world of men and affairs. In King street, too, one does not experience surprise at peculiarities of dress and speech and action in the people who pass. This is a sure evidence of cosmopolitanism. See a man walking along Yonge street, as I once saw the late Lewis Morrison of *Mephisto* fame, in an overcoat trimmed with green velvet, and you eye him suspiciously and wonder who the deuce he is, and where he came from. He creates a stir something akin to that caused by the appearance of a silk-tiled stranger in a country town. In King street he is a mere incident, and causes no heads to be turned. A man in rags and covered with mud would in any other part of the city, be taken on the face value of his clothes and general appearance. In King street he is not to be so easily classified. He may be an ordinary tramp or immigrant, or he may be some eccentric person of high degree finishing a walk round the world for fun or a wager, and heading for the King Edward.

The atmosphere of King street affects one unconsciously. When you mix with the busy, hustling throng in Yonge street, which is in reality but an overgrown village street, where everybody is "going to business," where people are wrapped up in local affairs, and where they walk up and down on fine Saturday nights very much as they do in Jonesville, you inhale a purely commercial, thoroughly local atmosphere. You drop into a store to make a small purchase, and, no matter how unusual or inscrutable your countenance may be, or how smart your clothes, you know that the clerk who serves you takes it for granted that, like himself, you are merely an atom of the life of the city—someone who "works in town," and whose pleasures and outlook upon life do not go beyond the matters dealt with in the local columns of the evening papers. Perhaps this is your measure, perhaps not, but, at all events, you play the part. You ask the price of the article. You hurry out of the store in a manner that makes it plain you are off to snatch some lunch and get back to the office. You are a cog in a wheel, in the big local machine, and you feel like a cog. But turn into King street and all is changed. You do not hurry so much. You can lounge into the King Edward rotunda and smoke a cigarette as nonchalantly as the most seasoned globe-trotter, because here you may, as likely as not, be taken for a globe-trotter, a millionaire, anything in the world. You enter a King street store. The clerk addresses you as "sir," and well he may, for, as far as he knows, you may be a tremendous celebrity out for a stroll. He knows that the next time he sees you, you may be rolling by in Senator Cox's motor car or in the Governor's carriage. You may be in town to address one of the clubs. You may be a great scholar, or traveller, or a bloated capitalist. The clerk knows that the great are always modest and unassuming, that they haunt King street numerous, and that you may be one of these. Who could inquire a price in a King street store? You pick out a choice article and toss down the money as carelessly as any bookmaker or bank clerk.

Possibly you have experienced these King street symptoms without understanding them. Perhaps you have caught there the easy ways of *blase* worldlings, even unto the spending of fools' money, and kicked yourself afterwards for it. This is the way of the world, however, and the world courses along King street. It is worth getting into once in a while, even if the experience is costly.

HAL.

The Japanese will not drink tea that has been standing over a minute. They pour the boiling water on the leaves, and then pour off and drink the infusion immediately. Such tea is very delicate and fragrant, and does not affect the nerves.

The proposal of the Salvation Army to unload on Canada a lot of semi-incorrigible girls from England should be nipped in the bud. This country has no use for incorrigibles, either of the demi or semi variety.—*Dunnville Gazette*.

Pope Pius X. is cutting down the splendors that once surrounded the Vatican. The Swiss Guards have dwindled to twenty-five.

Lens Making

The grinding of Toric Lenses for our eyeglasses is a delicate operation—one that we entrust only to our own skilled and scientific workmen.

The smallest deviation from the proper curvature would mean a vast error.

But such a deviation need never be feared in lenses obtained from our Optical Department.

RYRIE BROS.

Limited.

134-138 Yonge St.



THE DEBUTANTE

In the enthusiasm of her first season is apt to over-tax her strength and blight the budding beauty of her womanhood. The prudent use of

Wilson's Invalids' Port

quickly offsets the ill effects of the rush of gaiety, the irregular hours and wearing social strain. It induces sound sleep—makes rich, pure blood—brings back the youthful blush to pallid cheeks—gives old and young the soft grace of perfect health.

All Druggists



Take Nature's Cure

By Drinking

Beaver Caledonia Water

Bottlers: Chas. Wilson, Limited, Toronto



WEDDING CAKES

are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. They are shipped safely by express to all parts of the Dominion.

CATALOGUE FREE

The Harry Webb Co.
LIMITED
447 Yonge St. Toronto

The Vanderbilt Cup Race Analyzed

THE battle of the Powers—France, Italy, Germany, and the United States—in the second renewal of the race for the Vanderbilt Cup, as all the world knows, resulted in a third victory for France. Wagner, the winning Darracq driver, covered the tortuous course of 297.1 miles in 4 hours, 50 minutes, 10 seconds—an average of 61.43 miles per hour. Commenting on the big motor race, Alex Schwalbach, in "Harper's Weekly," makes some comparisons in speed. Fast trains take twenty-two hours to Chicago, 1,000 miles, or at the rate of forty-five miles per hour. Wagner can cover the distance on the open road, without flanged wheels and polished steel rails to guide him, in a little over sixteen hours. Or, for a bigger comparison, Wagner could drive as far as from here to Europe in two days—or, to be more exact, in fifty hours. Making 297.1 miles in 290 minutes, 10 2-5 seconds, means that every mile was covered in 58 seconds, or 82 1-2 feet a second.

All of these figures are average figures based on the whole performance. Wagner himself says that on the long, fast, straight stretches of the North Hempstead turnpike he covered ninety to one hundred miles per hour, or fifty per cent. faster than his average. Tracy, the American champion, did the fastest lap of 29.71 miles in 26 minutes, 21 seconds, equal to 67 1-2 miles per hour, or a mile in 53 seconds. Wagner's lap averaged 29 minutes, 1 second—his fastest lap (the sixth) being done in 27 minutes, 22 seconds.

Automobile racing, like horse racing, exists because, so its devotees say, of a desire to improve the breed. Undoubtedly many of the ideas incorporated in the racing cars will prevail in next year's models. Some surprise was expressed because none of the racers was equipped with six-cylinder motors. Six-cylinder motor cars, while no longer a novelty, will be a reigning fad next year, but our great makers here and abroad have not yet experimented with them as a racing proposition, the four-cylinder motor having reached the highest state of development.

All the motors excepting the Frayer-Miller were water-cooled. In nearly every case the bores of the motors were larger than the stroke. Ignition was almost wholly by magnets, the make-and-break system leading the jump spark. Cylinders were nearly all cast in pairs, the Panhard, a notable exception, having separate cylinders. Mechanically operated valves, operated by rocker arms, prevailed. Valves were placed in the head of cylinder to get the cooling benefit of the rush of the cold incoming gas. Large inlet and exhaust tubes all on one side of the motors were seen everywhere, and a single cam shaft operated all the outside moving parts of many of the motors.

Force feed lubrication, so economical and clearly for touring cars, was abandoned on the Darracq for the antiquated system of hand oil pumping, the makers claiming that for a racing car it is simpler and more practical. Motors ran at an average speed of 1,300 r. p. m., to produce the high horse-power of the low French rating. The trite problem of double-chain drive or shaft drive was not settled by the competing cars, the construction being about evenly divided. All the cars had fairly long wheel bases, but the winning car had the shortest one of the lot—ninety-six inches—best suited to the sharp turns of the course. All the foreign cars had treads slightly narrower than those in vogue here.

Wagner's car was the only one in the race fitted with wire spokes, tangent, suspension wheels. The race proved the value of the detachable rim and inflated tire, for on the last lap, when Wagner had two punctures, he would have lost his lead for the first time in the race but for their use. The foreign racers used tires averaging two inches larger than those used on the American cars. Consequently they had less tire trouble. All of the cars had pressed-steel frames of channel section. The winning car, like nearly all the others, had shock-absorbers fitted. The fast-driven Christie car could not use them because it used tapering helical springs.

The racing weight limit of 1,000 kilos, 2,204 pounds might well be raised to, say, 2,500 pounds. It is impossible to lighten the motors, so the remainder of the chassis must be skeletonized to make the weight. Strange to say, notwithstanding this, fourteen of the seventeen starters in the race did not have any mechanical troubles, and even the three stalled cars were placed en panne through collisions, and not mechanical defects.

Summing the mechanical conditions up, it appears that none of the racers were freaks, although high-powered, and that the modern automobile has in a decade evolved itself into a finality of construction that is simple, strong, safe and speedy.

The future of the race for the Vanderbilt Cup is at present in doubt. If the cup is raced for in the United States country again it must be under metropolitan police and State militia control, thinks Mr. Schwalbach, who also thinks that a race on a prepared course would be a "limited merry-go-round," which could never attract the interest and attendance which the

road races have. The larger part of the voluminous press discussion of the cup race is devoted to the side of the matter prominent in the query of the Pittsburgh "Leader": "Is it worth while to kill, to prove that one car is faster than another?" Most of the daily papers think it is not. Some of their views may be gathered from the following headings of editorials on the subject, some of which are: "The Speed-Madness of the Day," in the Detroit "Journal"; "Butchered to Make a Roman Holiday," in the Pittsburgh "Sun"; "A Blood-Stained Trophy," in the Cleveland "Leader"; and "An Idiotic Sacrifice," in the Toledo "Blade." The periodicals devoted to automobile and motor interests lament what they term the unjustified exaggeration of the element of danger in such races.

The Theatrical Problem.

To star or not to star—that is the question!

Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer

The pangs and disappointments of the season,

The stings and arrows of outrageous critics,

Or to break out boldly on the road

And in a tour win out. To tour—to pay—

To pay—aye, there's the rub! For in that tour

We'll have to sink a lot of good real money;

And sometimes riches of the angel kind

Take to themselves swift wings and fly away,

And angels of the kind that actors need

So sorely in their business grow not on trees

In bunches; rather do they soar above,

Eluding the enticing traps of cunning stars,

And madden managers, and actors too,

With sights of the Elysium, where they dwell,

Whose floors are paved with money we would get.

That's the respect that holds back starring tours—

The lack of backing with another's cash.

And then the one-night stands, the jump to trains,

The rural papers, with their sticks of rot;

The rural critic, with his fierce desire

To crush the actors with his fiercest "roast,"

The deadly fare, the nightly slim receipts,

The constant fear of "closing" up too soon,

And coming back a thing to laugh to scorn

By other stars who either acted wise

Or took the chances and with luck "made good."

That's the dread uncertainty of it all,

That in these days of growling first-night dogs

To try it on, and business not a cinch,

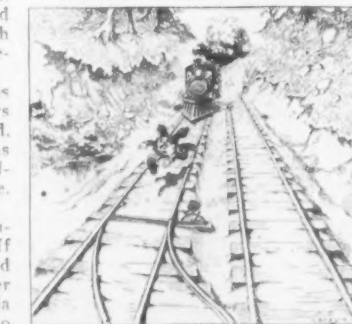
Must give us pause!

—Baltimore "American."

Some American Obligations to England.

There was much criticism of the invitation to an English tailor, for the purpose of improving the uniforms in the United States army, but the New York "World" shows in the following paragraph that something may be said for British styles:

Broadly speaking, modern clothes date from the French Revolution. But it was England that took the pantaloons it received from France and transformed them into trousers, and gave to the long-tailed coat of the Empire the dignity of the double-breasted frock. England indeed has given us our entire outfit of coats—the covert, the paddock, the mackintosh, the invernness, and the ulster which it adapted from the Irish. It has given us our outing wardrobe, from tennis clothes, for which the "flannelled fools at the wicket" were responsible, to golf coats and riding clothes. Only our baseball suits are native. England borrowed the bloomers of our Dutch ancestors and transformed them into knickerbockers, adding the Norfolk jacket to complete the costume. It gave us the jockey's cap and his riding tights. It provided tweeds and homespun to relieve the sombre monotony of black and taught us the comfort of the sack coat or "lounge" suit. From the "first gentleman of Europe" of two generations ago we get our Prince Alberts. Before the tailor came to inspect American army wear the authorities had adopted a British choice



"Be the Saints, av Oi kin only reach that switch and get on the next track me loife is saved."—"Life."

of fabric. England gave our army khaki, originally from India. And from India also by way of London came pyjamas, puttees and the pug-garee, not to mention the discarded cummerbund. In the matter of head-gear England gave us the cloth cap. We have returned the compliment with the Panama and the developed straw hat. From the Mexican sombrero we have evolved the cowboy or Rough Rider felt. But these are minor contributions. The source of the derby hat shows forth in its name, and the silk hat is as British an institution as Parliament. Although we are the world's shoemakers, it is from England that we derive the special forms of footwear required by the sportsman and the athlete. Altogether our obligations to England as civilization's tailor and outfitter are many.

The Poet and the Snow.

Through the window could be seen the impalpable flakes of snow, drifting, rising, wheeling in an abasque of ivory against the dull gray of the sky. Now they scurried through the naked branches of the trees, now they patted with feathery softness against the window-pane, and now they sank slowly to mother earth.

"That reminds me," said the poet, going to his desk and taking up his pen.

No, dear reader; he was not going to write a poem on "The Beautiful Snow." He was going to write a check for his winter's coal.

For he was an advertising poet and had the money in the bank—"Judge."

No Mistake.

The editor was apologizing over the telephone for an annoying typographical error in his paper.

"In our account of the meeting at which you were chairman last night, colonel," he said, "we tried to say, 'Following is a detailed report of the proceedings,' but as it appeared in print, as perhaps you have noticed, 'Following is a detailed report,' and so forth. Mistakes of that kind, you know, will!"

"It may have been an accident," interrupted the man at the other end of the wire, "but it wasn't a mistake. You side-tracked most of the report."—Chicago "Tribune."

His Golden Opportunity.

A Baltimore man tells of an address made to some school-children in that city by a member of the Board of Trustees:

"My young friends," said the speaker, "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books, but also of owning them, so that you may have access to them at all times. Why, when I was a young man I used frequently to work all night to earn money to buy books, and then got up before daylight to read them!"—"Success."

Facilitating Bill Sending.

Yeast—I see mail packages are to be whirled through pneumatic tubes at the rate of seven hundred miles in thirty minutes.

Crimsonbeak—Gracious! Don't they think we get out bills quick enough already?"—Exchange.

Polite Usage.

"It isn't good form to talk about money in society," said the punctilious woman.

"No," answered Miss Cayenne; "but it isn't customary to stop thinking about it."

HUSBAND DECEIVED.

But Thanked His Wife Afterwards.

A man ought not to complain if his wife puts up a little job on him when he finds out later that it was all an account of her love for him. Mighty few men would.

Sometimes a fellow gets so set in his habits that some sort of a ruse must be employed to get him to change, and if the habit, like excessive coffee drinking, is harmful, the end justifies the means—if not too severe. An ill woman says:

"My husband used coffee for 25 years, and almost every day. "He had a sour stomach (dyspepsia) and a terrible pain across his kidneys a good deal of the time. This would often be so severe he could not straighten up. His complexion was a yellowish-brown color; the doctors said he had liver trouble."

"An awful headache would follow if he did not have his coffee at every meal, because he missed the drug. "I tried to coax him to quit coffee, but he thought he could not do without it. Our little girl, 3 years old, sat by him at table, and used to reach over and drink coffee from papa's cup. She got like her father—her kidneys began to trouble her."

"On account of the baby, I coaxed my husband to get a package of Postum. After the first time he drank it he had a headache and wanted his coffee. We had some coffee in the house, but I hid it and made Postum as strong as I could and he thought he was having his coffee and had no headaches."

"In one week after using Postum his color began to improve, his stomach got right, and the little girl's kidney trouble was soon all gone. My husband works hard, eats hearty and has no stomach or kidney trouble any more. After he had used Postum a month, without knowing it, I brought out the coffee. He told me to throw it away." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

A MINK STOLE.



The picture shows as well as we can tell it the luxurious comfort and graceful, stylish appearance that has already made these popular so early in the season.

Finest Canadian Mink, Beautifully Striped.

Long stole fronts, the standing military collar so greatly favored now. Ten natural mink tails at bottom. Six natural mink tails at top. Hand crocheted tops—crochet chain and fastener. Fancy brocaded silk lining. Each \$150.00.

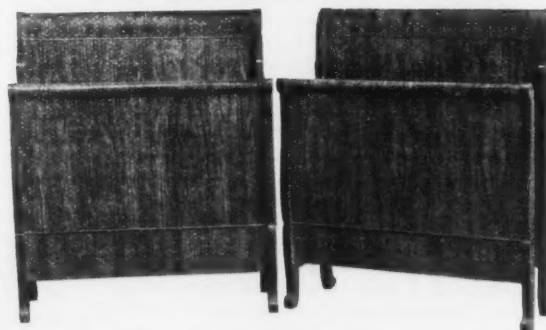
Muffs to match in newest shapes. Each \$40 to \$75.

Nothing too good to find a place in our splendid collection of Royal Ermine or Mink Throw Scarfs.

Eaton quality—best that skill and money can produce.

T. EATON CO. LIMITED
190 YONGE ST., TORONTO

KAY'S Famous for Fine Furnishings KAY'S



No. 941 1/2 MAHOGANY TWIN BEDSTEAD.
Each 3 ft. 3 in. wide. Price per pair, \$80.00.

Wood Bedsteads

THE increasing demand for wood bedsteads has warranted us this season in importing them in larger numbers than ever. The four poster variety is in high favor for double beds, and we show some uncommonly handsome designs. For single or twin sizes a type with comparatively low head and foot ends, similar to those illustrated above, is preferred. There is a wide variety of design, some being inlaid with plain white lines, others with bands of various colored woods. Others, again, are without ornament further than the rich natural figure of the mahogany.

Cuts or blue prints will be mailed to out of town residents on request.

John Kay, Son & Co., Limited

36 and 38 King St. West, TORONTO

THE L. C. SMITH & BROTHERS TYPEWRITER COMPANY.



This is the Typewriter

That has made the Largest Record of any machine ever placed on the Canadian market.

Have You Seen It?

It will pay you to try one before buying.

It can do more than any other machine made. Please phone, write or call for trial.

WILL H. NEWSOME, Limited

8 ADELAIDE STREET W., TORONTO.

MONTREAL

HALIFAX

LONDON

Nature's Part.

Two young women of a type which is by no means uncommon were gazing together upon the tranquil beauty of an English landscape.

"Oh, don't you love nature?" asked

one, turning with clasped hands to her friend.

"Yes, indeed," was the response, in a tone of gratifying intensity. "It adds so much!"—"Youth's Companion."

Pay Day

Don't fritter away your earnings on Pay day.
Saving does not mean stinting.

The man with the saving habit has always money and to spare for all his needs and luxuries.

\$1.00 will open an account in our Savings Department.
Interest paid **4** times a year.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada

MAIN OFFICE: 28 King St. West
MARKET BRANCH: 168 King St. East



Ask for *Corticelli*

The Superiority of Corticelli Silk

Corticelli Spool Silk wears well in the garment; the seams don't rip, and each stitch holds secure. We guarantee Corticelli Silk is smooth, even elastic and strong, and that every spool is "full measure." Corticelli costs YOU little more than common silk, but you get more silk, better silk and stronger silk, when you buy "Corticelli," which has held the world's record for superiority for over 67 years. Think of what this means!

For Art Needleworkers.

We also make Corticelli Silk in every size best adapted for fine art needlework, doilies, centerpieces, sofa pillows, etc. Look for the Corticelli B. & A. Asiatic Dye name on the label of every skein of Corticelli Filo Selle, Corticelli Roman Floss, Corticelli Mountmellick Silk, Corticelli Rope Silk, and Caspian Floss, etc.

CORTICELLI SILK MILLS, ST. JOHNS, P.Q., CANADA.

La Gloire des Dames

A Woman's Beautiful Hair

Has nature been generous to you?
Do you think human hand can improve on your hair?
If so, the **MAISON JULES & CHARLES** are awaiting your agreeable visit.
The **Empire Coiffure** is our latest successful creation.
The **Empire Transformation Eugenie**, the **Empire Gurls Josephine**, the **En Tout Gas Switches**, and our Paris importations of **Empire Combs** will interest you. Do not take chances by wearing grotesque imitations; it would provoke sarcastic smiles.
Bald Men—Wear our famous **Toupees, Wigs**, the best obtainable in the world.
Marcel Waving by our six Parisian artists. Our personal consultation for hair and scalp ailments. Use **Capillarine** for superfluous hair **\$1.00** by mail. Mail ordering easy with our free catalogue—Write

THE MAISON JULES & CHARLES
Phone M. 2498. 431 Yonge St.

SPARKLING BETHESDA

Carbonated with Liquid Carbonic Acid Gas, and has that pungent taste which has given it its world-wide reputation.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TABLE WATER

Aids in digestion, blends with wines; removes uric acid produced by wines. At all Hotels, Bars and Drug Stores, in splits, pints and quarts.

Local Distributors, **LYMAN BROS. & CO., Limited; MICHIE & CO.**

THE O'KEEFFE MANTEL & TILE CO.

97 YONGE ST.

We are showing some choice designs in artistic andirons. See our stock.

The O'KEEFFE MANTEL & TILE CO.

Best Quality

COAL AND WOOD

OFFICES

3 KING EAST

415 YONGE STREET
708 YONGE STREET
576 QUEEN STREET WEST
1886 QUEEN STREET WEST
415 SPADINA AVENUE
308 QUEEN STREET EAST
753 QUEEN STREET
204 WELLESLEY STREET
ESPLANADE EAST Near Berkeley Street
ESPLANADE EAST Foot of Church Street
BATHURST STREET Opposite Front Street
PAPE AVENUE At G. T. R. Crossing
YONGE STREET At C. P. R. Crossing
LANSDOWNE AVENUE Near Dundas Street
COR. HAMBURG AV. AND BLOOR STREET

THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED

Lady Gay's Column

WONDER how many of you have risen very early on an October morning, when the frost is on the pumpkin, to go after mushrooms? You might have a long way to go hereabouts, but I know a place, where the grass is nibbled short by many bundly old ewes and little baa-lambs, and where a very rammy black-faced son of Thitan keeps ward and guard over the fields, but where mushrooms grow by the peck these cool October nights, and their delicious little buttons speck the short, fading turf very early in the morning. One needs rubbers, short skirts, loose coats and plain headgear to go mushrooming; gloves, too, for the mushrooms are chill little bodies, and the atmospheric temperature soon after dawn isn't up to much, thermometrically speaking. And one has to climb rail fences, perhaps, into the sheep-pasture lands, and cross ditches full of frost-damp weeds, and if one isn't careful, one's rubbers will be pulled off bodily when one steps on the rails of the great tracks that must be crossed to reach the mushrooms. Jack Frost's fingers stick tighter than a rubber, and generally win. But the broad, shallow baskets are gradually filled; one gatherer takes all the "buttons" and another prefers the flats, with their black, juicy valves underlining the weather-beaten grey tops. Only hunger and weariness stop the harvest, and by and by, the baskets do get heavy, even with such light, spongy filling, and it's Hey! for home and a decent breakfast, and then Ho! for a good snooze until noon! If you've ever gone mushrooming you never forget it; if you haven't, oh, well, there's no use talking to you at all!

It was "mushroom day" in the market last Saturday, where I was having Thanksgiving holidays. About eight o'clock the plodding teams began to converge from the four points of the garden of Ontario to the market place in the city, and on every wagon were large, flat baskets, covered with newspapers, and taking highest place on the load. And a woman and I got up at seven to see the sight, and shortly after nine were in the thick of it. I have never seen the market to beat that Western city's; sitting like an Octopus is she, in the midst of teaming plenty of all sorts of good things to eat. Zola should have made another pen picture of the cosy, round, floury white cauliflowers, daintily feathered with green fringes, the awfully naked looking parsnips, scraped to their shameless skins; the fat, blousy crisp cabbages, shouting for bacon to boil with them instantly, if not sooner, the quarrelsome looking carrots, fiery and pugnacious, the cross old maid artichokes, full of hunches and bumps, and their unattractive cousins, the salsify roots, both of 'em real good when properly treated, like many a cross human being! How different is the October market from the fresh, dainty crispness of spring, when the delicate green of lettuce, the trimmed asparagus and the slim, seductive young onions are best foot foremost! I love the poetry of the market place. When Zola wrote "Le Ventre de Paris," I forgave him a lot of horrors I had written under at his pen. And on Saturday the woman who wandered with me through the always cherished precincts was so delighted.

A FOOD CONVERT

Good Food the True Road to Health. The pernicious habit some persons still have of relying on nauseous drugs to relieve dyspepsia, keeps up the patent medicine business and helps keep up the army of dyspeptics.

Indigestion—dyspepsia—is caused by what is put into the stomach in the way of improper food, the kind that so taxes the strength of the digestive organs they are actually crippled.

When this state is reached, to resort to stimulants is like whipping a tired horse with a big load. Every additional effort he makes under the lash increases his loss of power to move the load.

Try helping the stomach by leaving off heavy, greasy, indigestible food and take on Grape-Nuts—light, easily digested, full of strength for nerves and brain, in every grain of it. There's no waste of time nor energy when Grape-Nuts is the food.

"I am an enthusiastic user of Grape-Nuts and consider it an ideal food," writes a Maine man:

"I had nervous dyspepsia and was all run down and my food seemed to do me but little good. From reading an adv. I tried Grape-Nuts food, and after a few weeks' steady use of it, felt greatly improved."

"Am much stronger, not nervous now, and can do more work without feeling so tired, and am better every way."

"I relish Grape-Nuts best with cream and use four heaping teaspoonsful at a meal. I am sure there are thousands of persons with stomach trouble who would be benefited by using Grape-Nuts. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages. "There's a reason."

lightful. When I lingered by a bunch of plump fowl, my fingers itching toward my purse, and the demure farmeress murmuring "35 cents, and sure young hens," the woman would pluck my sleeve and whisper in keen warning: "She doesn't hand-pick them. They're half cooked with scalding the feathers off." And so they were, and my hand guiltily dropped the purse down in my pocket. There were women she believed, and bought from, and women she had proved false, and passed by with a scorn which made them redden, and women before whom she paused in doubtful judgment, keenly studying them and their wares, and sometimes relenting and sometimes passing on with an eloquent shrug. And, finally, when eggs were in question, she became a perfect Solomon, dismissing all of the heaps of hen fruit with a sniff and a wry face. "There's only one person to buy from," she said firmly, "and that one won't tell a lie!" And she haled me to a certain neat, old, silver-haired dame, who seems to share glory with George Washington. She had eggs, beauties, for twenty-two cents the dozen; fresh laid, she remarked casually, and while I was calculating whether I could pack and keep the basket full for breakfast use until New Year, Lo! they were vanished from under my eyes, and a sleek pig-tailed Chinaman was minus two dollars plus nine dozen of the loveliest eggs ever sold! And the neat little old lady assured us he was a very particular Chinaman, and ate a great many eggs! His complexion amply sustained her statement, though later knowledge of the fact that he had a Chinese restaurant just near by has given me a great ambition to sample his menu some day. At all events the eggs will be fresh!

But it was mushroom day! Bushels and bushels of mushrooms, with prices varying from twelve to five cents the quart, all selling at the same hour in the same market, and apparently equally good; wasn't it queer? A woman who was sold out of all her other good things promptly had a fine lot of mushrooms unsold. "Oh, here, take them for a quarter and let me get my trading done afore noon," said she recklessly. Of course we accelerated her movements and went off with the load of mushrooms, in great glee. It is worth travelling hundreds of miles to spend a morning in one of three best markets in Ontario, as we did last Saturday. One couldn't feel hungry for a week.

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

Panks—April 12 brings you under Aries, a fire sign, and distinguished for earnest and determined execution. There are two distinct types of Aries folk. One type, short in stature, is much under the influence of the moon and of Mars at birth, and partakes somewhat of the characteristics of the sign inhabited by these two planets. They are quite changeable, quick-tempered, impatient of contradiction and resent criticism. Being interfered with, they will drop a scheme, or get hopelessly confused in it. Their intensity of nature makes them appear stubborn, and they usually succeed well in business ways. The second type, tall and broad-shouldered, are more silent, deeply spiritual and occultly powerful, generous, philanthropic, but rarely financially successful. Generally the Aries person detests details, is fond of planning and has good taste and judgment. An Aries woman is impatient of the filling in part of her work, and girds at long seams or their equivalent. Jealousy often spoils a feminine Aries as anger and temper do the male. Your writing is very individual and independent, and you should be able to decide on the sort of employment you take without any advice. Let an Aries alone, and she or he will generally see and do the right thing. The great intuition of the sign when free from impetuosity and coolly exercised is simply marvellous. Your lines suggest to me a successful business career.

Bridget Murphy—January 25 brings you under Aquarius the strongest and the weakest of the twelve. The strength is a natural endowment, well used, and the weakness a carelessness of it. Aquarius people are nervously and emotionally sensitive and need to practice and understand self-control. Sometimes they are unmanageable and not always logical, but their psychic intuition is above rule and law and can guide them aright, when properly developed and heeded. You have the true aerial touch in your lines—"Be aware," some folks call it. Aquarius women usually care to acquire property, and consider nervousness their investments, their business, and "what people say." They are generally noble, honest, and kind-hearted, good readers of character, and not easily imposed on; agreeable,

dignified and apt in study, trade or profession. I can easily see how three healthy youngsters would "get on your nerves"—but its your own carelessness which makes that possible. You have, however, still some of the January love of having things done decently and in order, conventions being tin gods with January folks. A person born between January 20—when Aquarius begins to rule—and January 26—when he finally secures full control—would partake of the traits of the previous sign. For your barefaced blarney, Bridget, I can only blame your nom de plume. But I'm sure I'm glad someone is so well pleased!

Pro-Boer—Just fancy anyone with that nom de plume butting in here six years ago, when we were so hot over South Africa. You may come in now, though, for we've cooled down a bit. I wonder whatever I said to you then, Mr. Persistence! September 28 brings you under Libra, an air sign, of which it is said, "Libra people are apt to espouse a new cause too readily, and often get into trouble through their enthusiasm." Now, will you be good? Libra folks are energetic, ambitious, generous and inspired. The men are often over-sanguine and reckless in self-indulgence, speculation and eagerness for novelty and interest. They are very recuperative, rebounding quickly from disaster or defeat. They have, notwithstanding some of their traits, a keen and beautiful sense of justice. Did such a quality prompt your nom de plume? Libra people soar high. They prefer a rarified atmosphere, are sensitive to want of harmony, and are depressed by uncongenial conditions. Their best companionship is with Aries and Leo people.

Evaline Talbot—The persons who leave Toronto and shut up their houses in summer often are only able to get away during July and August. What is called "lawyers' vacation," or more generally school children's holidays. Others are also tied here by business during February and March, when they'd love to get out of this damp and rheumatic burg but cannot. One often hears fault found with people, when a little thought of their side of the question would explain their actions. June 7 brings you under Gemini, a double air sign, and often bringing its children a double nature, in which is large possibility of discord, though equal promise of double strength as well. They are exceedingly affectionate and generous, proud of birth and family, good talkers, neither selfish nor penurious. A creed seems necessary to them, yet they are not what is called religious, in orthodox ways. Gemini people are often cleverly executive, and can get wonderful results if left to their own way. They are extremists and sometimes worry over health and prospects. I did not find this study wildly amusing, as you suggested. Why should I, it's just the ordinary, dominant, breezy, observant and headlong type of Gemini woman, more impulse than ballast, and sometimes sailing an erratic course, but always interesting to the rowboats and other lesser craft.

Mehitable—No, I wouldn't change that name. It has distinct quality. Meta is a pretty shortening and Hetty is also a pet name. Unless one has a positively horrid name, like Jane Ann Eliza, better stick to it. Since last week's record of little Newfoundland Neuralgia, a friend has sent me word of a person of color who has named her daughter Influenza. I think that's about the limit, don't you? A happy holiday to you, Mehitable, and the joy of going home to the dear old folks. I am sure you'll love to spend that brief day with them. Think of all the funny stories for them, and the little bits of city life that appealed most to you, when you as you say "quit the farm." And ask after everyone, don't let them suspect, even if it's true, that you've lost interest in the old friends and their narrower round. If there is a funny fool on the face of the earth, it's the one who puts on airs on a visit to the old home, because he or she is living in a city. Only a fool could be caught doing so. Best luck to you.

Avalon—There are plenty more where that came from, only some how, so personal and in a way sacred, that one hesitates to put them before the public. However, watch out and you'll have another fit of "Heimweh"—that heart-twist which lobs us with our correct address. What do you mean by falling by the way? The rest of your letter doesn't bear out that idea, especially that December 2 episode. Surely that alone justifies you in living. Get your values readjusted, old man, and see what real good you are to time and state! You fill me with a rampant curiosity. Who is building the grand house? An revoir, if I don't go to the West coast instead.

Jewel—This is really just when your turn comes. Your writing is strong, energetic, thorough and self-willed. You are self-conscious, alert and apt to try to grasp a bigger hand than you can hold. There is little docility or self-discipline suggested, but a sturdy virility, independence and careless progress, which may wreck you lamentably. I have often to urge girls to brace up and go ahead, but you need gentling, guiding, and appealing. You never pose for praise, nor are you self-indulgent.

Nurse—If you can honestly do yourself justice you will be a great success. There is no nurse like the Scorpio woman, when she is thoroughly spiritualized. Her personal presence is a healing. The enclosure will make you a good husband if you are patient and demonstrative in affection.

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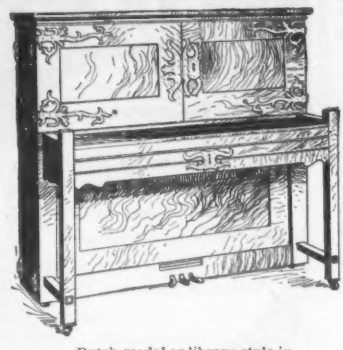
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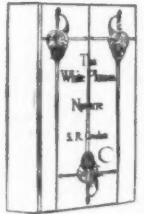
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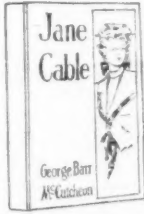
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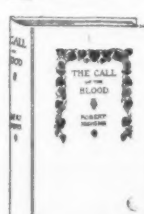


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THE DRAMA



ROBERT B. MANTELL
Who appears in a Shakespearian Repertoire at the Princess next week.

ROBERT B. MANTELL, Miss Knott will do ample justice. Miss Knott, in this excellent new play, "The Duchess of Devonshire," will be the attraction at the Princess Theater during the week following the Mantell engagement.

Funny Billy B. Van and his clever company of actors, singers, dancers and comedians comes to the Grand next week in a brand new musical comedy, entitled "In Politics." The play is said to stand out like an oasis in a desert of popular priced mediocrity, being clean and funny, while the music is bright and catchy, and the women of the company are all young, vivacious and pretty. As Patsy Bolivar, the errand boy, the star has innumerable opportunities to display his peculiar talents. Van is a natural born comedian. His humor is of the spontaneous variety that bubbles forth without effort. In a word, he is "a riot of fun." The chorus is composed of young and pretty girls, and they go through their evolutions with a gusto that is refreshing. There is also a clever quartette who sing entertainingly. "In Politics" is in two acts, and was written by that successful musical comedy author, George Totten Smith. The first act shows the interior of a country hotel, and the second act the exterior and surrounding grounds. The plot hinges on a travelling musical organization, who are stranded at the hotel, and the principals and chorus are put to work as waitresses, chambermaids, bell-boys and clerks, etc., and the doings at the hotel while they are there working out their board, which does not subside until the final curtain, furnishes the audience with fun and merriment.

This is the arrangement for the week: Monday night, "King Richard III."; "Othello," with Mr. Mantell as "Othello"; Wednesday afternoon, "Richellieu"; Wednesday night, "King Lear"; Thursday night, "Macbeth"; Friday night, "The Merchant of Venice"; with Mr. Mantell for the first time here as "Shylock"; Saturday afternoon, "Hamlet"; Saturday night, "Othello," with Mr. Mantell for the first time here as "Iago."

Marie Booth Russell will again be seen in the leading feminine roles, including "Portia" on Friday night. Other members of the company, which numbers forty-seven persons, are Lillian Kingsbury, Margaret Grey, Josephine McCallum, Leila Frost, Aileen Bertelle, Lorraine Frost, Marietta Langlois, Anna Sause, Cecil Owen, Francis McGinn, Gordon Burby, Guy Lindsley, and Alfred Hastings.

The friendship that exists between Roselle Knott, the beautiful American actress, and Mrs. Charles A. Doremus, the well-known playwright, is one of many years' standing. It has always been the ambition of Mrs. Doremus to write a play for Miss Knott that would not only offer scope for her great histrionic powers, but find a character that could be vitalized by her friend's beauty and graceful, winning personality. As the "Duchess of Devonshire" was known not only as a great beauty but a woman of great personal charm as well, Mrs. Doremus feels satisfied she has found a character in history to which

Fred Walton, one of the best known of English comedians and pantomimists, is the headliner at Shea's Theater next week. Mr. Walton is known throughout England and America as the original Toy Soldier of the "Babes in the Wood." Other good turns are Lew Bloom and Iane Cooner. The Four Harveys, Julian Rose, Clifford and Burke, the Holdsworths, and Couture and Gillette. The kinetograph will conclude the bill as usual.

Mr. Willard's Fall fortnight in Toronto is one of the great events of the year, and the most pleasurable, in the minds of theatergoers. Not only do his local admirers turn out enthusiastically in any sort of weather, but many people throughout Ontario with whom this eminent English actor is a favorite, come in to hear him. The engagement, which closes to-night, has been marked by large audiences, and the old-time Willard enthusiasm. Many Thanksgiving Day excursionists came to town expressly to "hear Willard," and to hear him is to become one of his admirers. Again this season his old plays have been enjoyed most. Last season "The Fool's Revenge" proved to be a play in which Mr. Willard's peculiar talents were hidden rather than revealed, and this season "Colonel Newcome," though cordially received, has, by common consent, been adjudged too sombre, and one which will not find a permanent place in his repertoire of favorites. "A Pair of Spectacles" and "The Man Who Was" will both, we all hope, be played by Mr. Willard whenever he shall return. The former is a comedy which suits his powers admirably, and nothing stronger than "The Man Who Was" has been seen for many a day.

Some of the cleanest, wittiest dialogue heard on the New York stage this season was spoken in the Zangwill comedy, "Nurse Marjorie," presented by Eleanor Robson's company at the Liberty Theater, says the New York "Globe." Situations as novel and as neatly conceived as the most jaded playgoer could wish were interspersed throughout the comedy. And character acting of a sort to make Broadway rub its eyes and applaud delightedly was done at every stage of the four acts by a group of players from whom excellent playing was to be expected.

BILLY B. VAN
In "Patsy in Politics" at the Grand next week.

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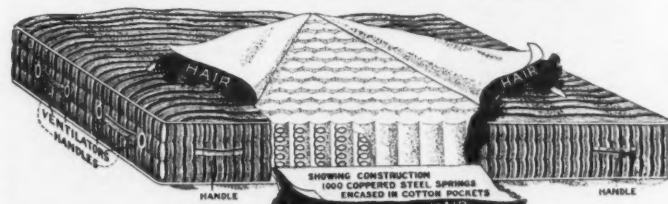
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HERE were many concerts and entertainments on Thanksgiving Day in the city, but the principal musical event was the appearance of Leoncavallo at Massey Hall. So great has been the vogue of "I Pagliacci" that one would have thought that its composer would have been greeted by large audiences, but such was not the case, the attendance being very slim at both the afternoon and evening concert. Leoncavallo brought with him an orchestra of about fifty, selected, it was announced, from the La Scala Orchestra, and eight solo singers. The programmes were devoted to selections from Leoncavallo's works. At the matinee the operas "Chatterton," "Zaza," "I Medici," "Rolando di Berlino," and "I Pagliacci," were represented, and the excerpts were in most cases most effectively rendered. The orchestra was exceptionally good—the tone of the wood wind was in fact beautiful—and there was a trio of soprano, namely, Mesdames Rizzini, Calvi and Ferrabini, whom it was a treat to hear. They were so good that one longed to hear them on the stage in complete opera. Rizzini and Calvi have large, clear voices of dramatic fibre, and sing true without a tendency to the tremolo. And Ferrabini revealed a warm-colored mezzo, and vocalism of a high order. Rizzini pleased most, for her voice is not only full, but transparent and pure throughout its compass. I should think that she would make a most distinguished Leonora in "Il Trovatore." The tenor, Barbini, was a disappointment. To use the words of the late Sims Reeves, "The tremolo had got him by the throat," and an expert diagnosis would probably show that his is a hopeless case. Throughout his solos and in the ensembles he sang with a continuous wobble that suggested the beating of a goat. It is not fair to judge decidedly of compositions such as those of Leoncavallo on first hearing, for they are at least ambitious, in good style and cleverly orchestrated. But I may be permitted to say that to me they lacked inspiration as also the seizing power of appealing to the general public. On the other hand the music of "I Pagliacci," the early work which made its composer famous, has the merit of containing popular elements. As a conductor Leoncavallo is quiet in his method, and gets his effects without any fuss or unnecessary gesticulating or attitudinizing. At the evening concert the first part was given up to "I Pagliacci" music, with the result that every number was encoored. In the second part the "Suite Ancienne" won general approval for its felicitous suggestion of the old forms. The "Ave Maria" was pretentious in treatment, but poor in its melody. As to the march, "Vive l'America," dedicated to President Roosevelt, that must surely have been a mild joke at the expense of our neighbors across the line.

A second Thanksgiving night concert worthy of note was that given in the Elm street Methodist Church by the Parlovitz concert party. The occasion introduced Miss Alys Bateman, a high soprano, from England, who has received most favorable criticism. Miss Bateman, who has a gracious personal appearance, is the possessor of a voice with extended range upwards, clear and bright, and with a more substantial timbre than one finds as a rule in light soprano. She sang the "Care Neme" from "Rigoletto" with refined finish, and a technique that was neat and true. During the evening she also gave the popular songs, "The Lass With the Delicate Air" and "Should He Upbraid," with engaging charm. She was assisted by the popular solo pianist and accompanist, Mr. Eduard Parlovitz, and the pleasing reciter, Miss Grace Merry.

Mr. Luigi von Kunitz, the concert-master of the Pittsburgh Orchestra, gave a violin recital on Wednesday evening of last week at the Conservatory of Music, and attracted an appreciative gathering of music-lovers, among whom were noticed a good representation of the Mendelssohn Choir. Mr. Von Kunitz is a satisfying soloist, one who appeals to the critical judgment by his fine tone, neat and dexterous execution, and musically phrasing and expression. His opening number was Beethoven's Romance in G, which should be heard more often in our concert-rooms. The double stopping of the theme was rendered with delightful truth of intonation, and smoothness and equality of tone. Schumann's "Garden Melody" was tastefully interpreted, and the same composer's "At the Fountain" was a brilliant piece of finger and bow work. His second group consisted of Spohr's "Barcarolle," the Bach air for the fourth string, which was played with appropriate elevation and dignity of style, and Jakse's "Romance" and Vieuxtemps' "Tarantelle," which were artistically treated. Mr. Von Kunitz opened his third group of pieces with the Tartini "Devil's Trill," of which, however, he played only the latter part. I have only heard the complete sonata once in Toronto, and that was when Lady Halle performed

it at Massey Hall. Perhaps the work is considered rather long. However, Mr. Von Kunitz acquitted himself with honor in the portion he introduced, although the effect would have been more pronounced with the audience had the solo been in the hands of a violinist of more robust tone and more temperament. A Scotch lullaby by Von Kunitz and the "I Palpit" of Paganini completed the programme. Assistance was given by Miss Jessie Allen, a highly gifted piano pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt, who contributed Liszt's Ballade in B minor and Chopin Ballade in G minor with exceptional distinction of tone, touch, technique, and Miss Eugenie Quehen, who officiated as accompanist with her well-known ability.

Owing to the inability of the conductor, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, to again assume the leadership, the Toronto Male Chorus Club has been disbanded. A meeting of the chorus was held on Saturday evening last, at which a letter was read from Mr. Tripp, stating that it was impossible for him to conduct during the coming season. Around Mr. Tripp's name centers all the brilliant successes of the club during the past fourteen years, and the members very reluctantly came to the conclusion that the only course open was to disband. To the Toronto Male Chorus Club belongs the credit of introducing to the music-loving people of the city some of the finest artists in the musical world. The passing of this deservedly popular organization will be received with profound regret.

The west end branch of the College of Music gave a bright little recital on Saturday afternoon, October 20, which was well attended. The following students took part: Misses

day, November 8. He will be assisted by Miss Edith Mason, the excellent pianist, and Mrs. Blight, accompanist. Mr. Lautz has come here from Buffalo, and is quite an acquisition to the ranks of our resident artists. In Buffalo he enjoyed a high reputation for the sterling quality of his voice, and the high standard of his singing. Mr. Lautz offers a very attractive programme for his recital, among the numbers down being Beethoven's "Adelaide," five songs by Schubert, three by Schumann, two by Brahms and a group of songs of his own composition.

Nora Kathleen Jackson's partial scholarships were won by Miss Ethel Bushfield and Mr. Robert Boyd.

Marie Hall, the wonderful little English violinist, will tour the United States and Canada during March, April and May next.

The Sacred Harmonic Society held their first rehearsal on Wednesday night in the Conservatory Music Hall. In spite of the heavy downpour of rain there was a most encouraging attendance, and Dr. J. Persse Smith, the conductor, made material progress with Gounod's "Messe Solennelle," the work selected for public production. Dr. Smith proved himself to be an able director—one indeed who thoroughly understands his business. It is expected that at the next rehearsal the attendance will be more than doubled.

The choir of Bloor street Baptist Church has in course of preparation the sacred cantata "Olivet to Calvary," by Maunders, for tenor, baritone and chorus. The singing of this cantata will replace the regular church service, and will be sung on Sunday evening, December 2.

The officers of the Oratorio Society for this season are Mr. G. W. Mason, president; Mr. H. B. Goldey, vice-president; Mr. C. B. Kennedy, secretary; Mr. James Brown, assistant secretary; Mr. Richard Brown, librarian;



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Annie McDonald, Nellie Caffyn, Victoria Parrett, Dora Stutchbury, Firenze Gilray, Hattie Crocker and Beatrice Spencer. Miss Constance Veitch played two violoncello solos in finished style, and Miss Eveline Ashworth sang and delighted the audience. Miss Mary Elder Bullen played accompaniments, and in a few words told of the work done by the branch in pianoforte, vocal, instrumental and kindergarten music teaching.

An attractive song recital is announced for this (Saturday) evening in the Guild Hall, McGill street, by Mr. Rhynd Jamieson, baritone; Miss Carolyn Beacock, soprano, both talented pupils of Miss Marie C. Strong, and Miss Grace Hastings, late violin soloist of the Boston Ladies' Symphony Orchestra. Miss Hastings is said to be a charming player, and being a new-comer, her debut here will arouse a great deal of interest. Miss Beacock, judging by the reports of those who have heard her, has a sympathetic and bright voice. Mr. Jamieson is already honorably known as an accomplished singer. The programme will include the "Rejoice Greatly" from the "Messiah," the "Honor and Arms" from "Samson," songs by Hermann Lohr, Mrs. Beach, D'Hardelot, and Schumann's "Two Grenadiers." Miss Hastings will play the Wieniawski "Legende" and Vieuxtemps' fantasia on "I Lombardi." The plan of seats is at Gerhard Heintzman's rooms, 97 Yonge street.

Mr. Henry J. Lautz, the recently appointed solo tenor of the Metropolitan Church, will give his first recital in St. George's Hall on Thurs-

Mr. T. H. Metherell, treasurer, and Messrs. W. M. McKendry, J. M. Jackson, George Dixon and S. Waddell. The excellent chorus of the society, which now numbers about 250 members, is being increased to 300, for the production of "Judas Maccabaeus." Application for membership may be made to Mr. J. M. Sherlock, Room 5, Nordheimer's, 15 King street east, or Phone M. 6107.

Mrs. Manley Pickard, soprano, will sing Van der Water's "The Penitent" at the Sunday morning service in Bloor street Baptist Church.

On Monday evening last the choir of Queen street east Presbyterian Church, under the direction of Mrs. J. Lillie, choir leader, gave a concert, which proved a great success, the building being filled to its utmost capacity. The choir rendered their different numbers in good style, reflecting much credit on their leader. The choir was ably assisted by the following well-known artists: Mr. Hartwell de Mille, baritone, whose numbers were repeatedly encoored; Mr. J. B. Nelson and Mr. F. W. Davidson, tenors, and Mrs. Lillie's little daughter, Beatrice, who is the happy possessor of a wonderful child's soprano voice, and rendered her solo, "Slumberland," in character, and was encoored again and again. A pleasing feature was the reading by Miss Mae Duncan, who was encoored four times. The concert was pronounced the best ever given in the church. Miss F. Frizel and Miss Muriel Lillie were the accompanists, and gave great satisfaction. CHERUBINO.

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ANEC DOTAIL

A Calgary paper tells a story of a couple who recently went to a justice of the peace in a Western town to be married. "Link," said the justice. They joined hands. "Have him?" (to the woman.) "Yep." "Have her?" (to the man.) "Yep." "Married! Two dollars."

Modern business methods favor double-entry bookkeeping. In an Ontario school the other day a pupil who had been reading the papers, when asked to explain this system, replied: "Double-entry bookkeeping is the keeping of two sets of books, one of which may be produced in court if required."

A lot of poor children were at Rockefeller's stock farm near Cleveland. He gave each of them some milk to drink, the product of a \$2,000 prize cow. "How do you like it?" he asked when they had finished. "Gee, it's fine!" responded one little fellow, who added after a thoughtful pause: "I wish our milkman kep' a cow!"

A certain senator was once asked by a young lady at a dinner to define diplomacy. "Well," said he, "what do you do at a ball when a man asks you for a waltz and you don't wish to dance with him?" "I tell him," she replied, "that my card is full." "But supposing it isn't and he still persists?" "Then I insist it is and at the same time let him see it isn't." "That's diplomacy," said the Senator.

A London actor appearing at a cheap theater in Salford found so small an audience that he sought out the manager for an explanation. "You see," the manager told him, "my people are at the Halle concert." "Oh!" the actor said, surprised. "I should hardly have thought your patrons would care much for high-class music." "No," the other explained, "to tell the truth, they go to pick pockets."

De Wolf Hopper, the actor, is not averse to telling a joke on himself. He was one day calling down a speaking tube to the janitor of his apartment in New York one day recently, and being unable to get the information he desired, finally blurted out, "Say, is there a blithering idiot at the end of this tube?" The reply came back with startling promptness, "Not at this end, sir."

Of a political transaction that had a suspicious look, Senator Beveridge said: "Though in the thing there is nothing on which we can lay our hand, it certainly appears fishy. It reminds me of a Washington waiter. A gentleman after eating a good dinner, said to the waiter: 'I am sorry I can't give you a tip, but I find I have only just money enough to pay your bill.' The waiter seized the bill hurriedly. 'Just let me add it up again, sir,' he muttered."

A school girl in a Massachusetts town had often been made to acknowledge the superiority of her brothers. One day her mother remarked upon the apparent utter lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have ruined more of the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, dog or pig something, but a hen—never!" "Hm!" exclaimed the child indignantly, "I think they know just as much as roosters!"

"You can't beat the Irishman for wit," says Robert Edson. "and he takes advantage of his native proclivity in all his business enterprises. While walking in one of the business thoroughfares of Pittsburgh last year my attention was arrested by a display of shirts in a haberdasher's window, which for variety of suns—colors far excelled a Turner landscape when the sun is red and low, and there in the window in glaring green type a large sign read: 'Listen:'"

W. H. Avery and Henry J. Crocker, the San Francisco millionaire, have recently returned from a trip to Japan, and they vie with each other telling stories on the other man. Avery has a good one on Crocker. They were going along one of the streets in Yokohama, and noticed straw in the streets. Crocker, who is a student of the customs of the country in which he travelled, had



ascertained that straw is scattered on the street in case of sickness to diminish the noise. "Mister," said a small tourist, who had wandered away from mother, "what's this hay doin' out here?" "My son," said Crocker with a smile, "the stork has just brought a baby to the woman who lives here." The small one surveyed Crocker with wide eyes, and said: "Gee, it must have come well packed."

After his performance in "The Red Mill" at the Knickerbocker Theater in New York on Monday night last, Fred Stone, of Montgomery and Stone, sat down to a lobster supper with Tom Sharkey, the fighter. The claws were off the lobster served Sharkey. "Bring my lobster with the claws on!" he ordered. "That one's all right, Tom," interposed Stone, with a wink at the waiter, "they come that way sometimes—get to fighting in the water and wallop each other's mits off!" "Then bring me the winner," said Sharkey.

Nicholas Longworth went to the western end of his county to become acquainted and to capture votes. Now the town of Harrison is partly in Indiana and partly in Ohio. Going to a store, Mr. Longworth made himself very agreeable, bought cigars for the crowd, jollied every one, and then asked them to vote for him. There was a long, loud laugh, and when it was over the Ohioan asked: "What is so funny?" "Oh, nothing," remarked the proprietor, "except that you are on the Indiana side of the street. Your Ohio voters are across the way."

Miss Marie Cahill, who returned to New York early in August to rehearse "Marrying Mary," was discussing the talkative female, and incidentally told the following good thing about a married couple: The wife, in the middle of the night, was awakened by the loud snores of her husband. She endured the horrible racket as long as she could. Then, pinching the man sharply, she said: "Herbert, you'd make less noise if you kept your mouth shut." Herbert, sleepy and surly, muttered: "So would you."

Chairman Sherman of the Republican Campaign Committee, was recently approached by a somewhat unimportant Ohio politician, who, though formerly a Republican, has of late years voted the State Democratic tickets. It appeared from the man's conversation that he had seen the error of his ways. At the same time he hinted he would like a job at campaign headquarters. "I'm sorry," Mr. Sherman is reported to have replied, "that I shall have to disappoint you. Glad to see you back; but in these days the wise prodigal brings along his own calf."

A man with a rent in his trousers went into a tailor shop which displayed a sign, "Trousers mended while you wait." He retired to an inner room and gave his trousers to the tailor to fix up. After waiting about two hours he called to the tailor: "Haven't you fixed those trousers yet?" "Not yet," replied the tailor. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked somewhat impatiently. "Your sign says, 'Trousers mended while you wait.' 'Oh, that's all right,' answered back the tailor without the slightest trace of a smile, 'you're waiting ain't you?'"

Theodore Billroth, the eminent Viennese surgeon, lecturing to his class in a medical school, said that a doctor needed two gifts—he must be free from any tendency toward nausea and he must be a good observer. He then poured a nauseous fluid into a glass, dipped one of his fingers into it and licked it off, whereupon he invited the students to follow his example. Without flinching they did so. With a broad grin the surgeon looked at them and said: "You have stood the first test brilliantly. Not so the second, for none of you observed that I dipped my first finger into the glass, but licked the second!"

"Pessimists I will not endure," the Kaiser has just said in Breslau. "Let him who is not suited here seek, if he will, a better country." Perhaps the Kaiser has recently seen (says the New York Evening "Post") Alexander Moskowski's bitter little story of the man who fell from the moon, and, after travelling all over the world in search of the best country, returned to Germany for permanent residence. When asked why, he replied: "My reasons are quite simple. I have observed in various countries how the state's money is thrown about and what a part protection, corruption, dissipation, folly, and waste have each played in its expendi-

ture. The extreme of each of these faults I found in Germany. So I said to myself, 'A nation which can stand all that without jumping the track must be the best.' Therefore I want to become a German."

On the far Western division of the C.P.R. there is a brakeman who has lost the forefinger of his right hand. The wonderful works of nature along the road keep the brakeman busy answering the passengers' questions. One day, after the brakeman had been pointing out the window and explaining the scenery, one of the passengers whispered to the conductor, "Conductor, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger? He seems to be a very nice fellow. It seems a pity he should be crippled." "That's just it, ma'am. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he just wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

A certain lady—not a Toronto lady, of course—was expecting "company" the other day, and in anticipation was giving her young hopefuls a little talk on behavior. "Now, children," she said, "we are going to have ice-cream for dessert, and you must not notice it or say anything when it is served. Act just as if you had it every day. The youngsters seemed to grasp the idea, and the dinner progressed beautifully until the ice-cream was brought on the table, when, with an accompanying rataplan of fork and spoon, the two burst into a concerted staccato chat: "Oh, we have it ev'ry day! We have it ev'ry day! We have it ev'ry day!"

"Pray do not rise," she said, as an old man rose in a trolley car to give the young woman his seat. "But I —" began the old man. "No; please don't," she gently pushed the old man back into the seat. After the car had gone a block the old man again attempted to rise. "I beg of you, sir, please don't," the young woman said. She was very pretty and her daintily gloved hand once more rested on his shoulder as she gently pushed him back. And she posed for four more blocks, until the old man once more ventured to rise from his seat. Again the pretty creature argued. "Really, I don't mind it, sir," she said. "That's all very well for you, miss," said the old man, "but I do. I want to get out. I've gone six blocks beyond my street already."

The Rev. Francis M. Kielty, rector of the Church of the Holy Angels, St. Louis, who died last Saturday at the age of 82, was an Irish scholar, wit and practical joker. Archbishop Kendrick twice nominated Father Kielty for a bishopric, once of Memphis and once of Peoria, Ill., but in each case Rome gave the honor to some one else. Father Kielty began his sermon one Sunday morning by announcing in a voice with pathos that he had a confession to make. "I might as well make a clean breast of it. I've been sued for alimony and you'll have to pay it," he said. As the congregation gasped he waved in the air a document, signed and sealed to resemble an order of court. "Yes, I mean it," he continued, as if to kill any lingering doubts, and then, pointing through one of the stained windows, continued: "That alley out there has been paved and the city has sued me for the alley-money."

During the Spanish war, while the battleships were on blockade at Santiago, it was customary on the United States warships to load the six-pounder guns every evening to protect against possible torpedo-boat attack. While the triggers were being eased down one of the guns on the "Massachusetts" was accidentally discharged, the shot passing over the quarterdeck of the Texas, which was lying near in the blockading line. All the officers of the Texas were on deck smoking and talking when the shot passed a few feet over their heads. Almost before it struck the water a signal was started on the Texas from its commanding officer, Captain Jack Phillips, to the commanding officer of the "Massachusetts." The signal was: "Good line, but a trifle high."

It is remarkable that the personality of the man who shares with George Meredith the position of the greatest living English novelist should be so little known, but Thomas Hardy always was and always will be a recluse. A rather good story of him is now doing the rounds in England. Mr. Hardy was once attending a drawing-room function at which Mrs. Sarah Grand and a certain eminent clergyman and his wife were present. As it happened, Mr. Hardy knew the clergyman, but not his wife, while for Mrs. Sarah Grand the case was reversed. The two couples were talking at opposite ends of the room, when the clergyman remarked to the Wessex novelist: "I hear Mrs. Sarah Grand is here. Will you introduce me to her?" Mr. Hardy went across to Mrs. Grand, and, ignorant that the clergyman's wife was standing by, said: "Old H— wants to meet you, but if you think he'll bore you, I can easily make some excuse." He got no further, for he suddenly came to the conclusion that something was wrong.

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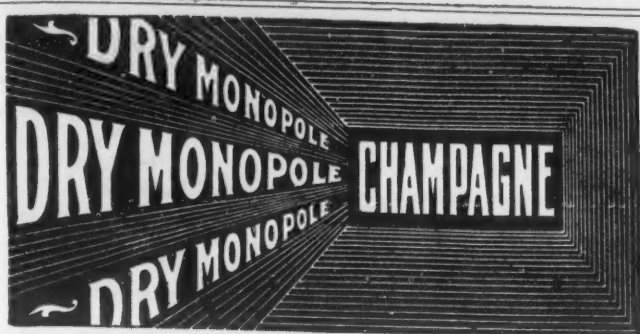
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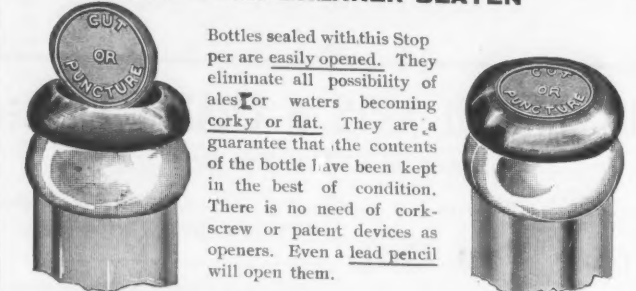
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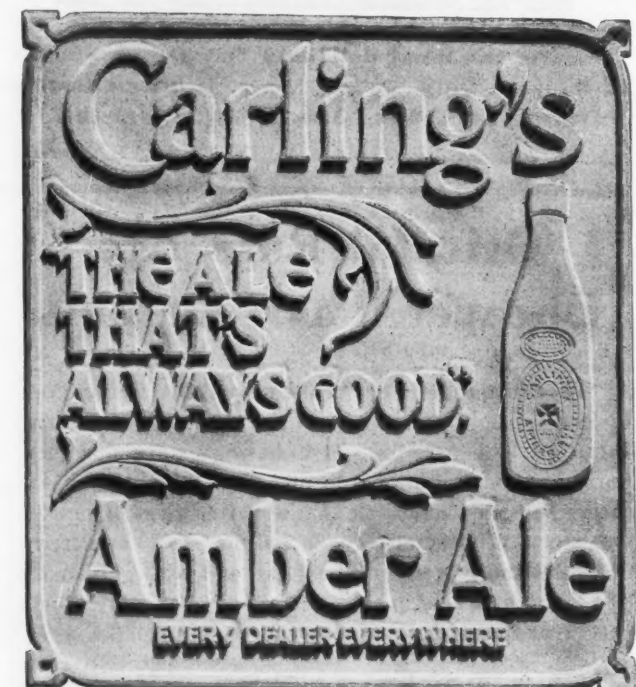
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DON'T'S FOR HUNTERS

EVERY man who leaves town on his hunting trip this fall should cut this article out and memorize it while on his way to the woods.

Don't grasp a gun by the barrel and drag it after you out of a boat, through a fence or anywhere else, unless you want to test the truth of the saying that a fool has more lives than a cat—and then don't. One discharge may blow them all out.

Don't carry more than a small quantity of whiskey with you on your hunt. It's poor stuff to shoot on, and has resulted in many "deplorable accidents."

Don't under any circumstances allow your gun muzzle to point for one single moment at any living thing you do not mean to kill.

Don't allow yourself to carry a cocked gun in your hands, not even if you are alone. A sudden stumble may fire it; and you can never tell where the contents may go.

Don't carry a loaded gun into your camp or stopping place. And be absolutely sure that every cartridge is taken out of it before you go near the door.

If the sportsman who shot poor Jones through the heart across his own camp table had heeded that don't, and the other regarding the muzzle of his gun pointing at anyone, Jones would have been alive to-day. You see, he took a hammerless rifle into Jones' camp, laid it down on the table on the other side of which his host was sitting, talked for a while, picked up the rifle—and killed Jones instantly. He has never been able to understand how.

Don't shoot at a moving bush.

Don't shoot at anything to which you cannot swear. If the sportsman who stood in Cochran's doorway and killed his chum, who was coming through high brush eighty rods away, had heeded those don'ts the luckless chum wouldn't have been hurled into eternity without a moment's warning, and the still more luckless survivor would not to-day be a hopeless maniac. Those are don'ts worth heeding.

Don't shoot at small game, such as rabbits, grouse or squirrels with big ammunition.

The man who shot at a rabbit with a high-power rifle last season and killed a woodsman half a mile away has wished many a time since that he had heeded that don't.

Don't go away from your camp before you have familiarized yourself with the lay of the land, and the landmarks within a radius of at least half a mile.

Don't go out without a good supply of matches, part of them in a waterproof case as an emergency supply; a good, heavy hunting knife, a well-ground hunting axe or hatchet, a pocket compass and a lunch. There is always such a thing as getting lost among the possibilities.

Don't lose your head if you do lose your bearings; that is if you get lost. Sit down, take a smoke, get your mind out of the first panic into which the fact that you don't know where you are at is sure to throw it, and as soon as it is in normal working order don't make a fool of yourself by trying to find your way back. If you could do that you would not have got lost in the first instance.

Don't give yourself up for lost, however. Get busy. Gather a heap of wood in case you have to camp out all night. Make a fire. Then sit down and wait for your guide to find you. That's what he is sure to be trying to do, so don't make it harder for him by getting away from him as rapidly as panic speed can effect it.

Don't shoot at running game or any other, unless you can clearly see three things—the game, the front sight of your gun and the rear sight, and all three in conjunction, mind.

Don't jerk the trigger when you do see those three objects in conjunction; press it. Then you won't throw the gun barrel up the least trifle at the instant of discharge; and the veriest trifle of elevation at that moment spoils the shot.

And lastly: Don't forget a single one of these don'ts.

Don't forget to observe them so rigidly that their observance becomes as second nature to you.

Don't forget to preach the like observance to your fellow-sportsmen, and you will find them the best pieces of wood lore you ever learned.

Vulgar Millionaires.

The divorces, murders, extravagance and general notoriety which so many Yankee millionaires, notably those of Pittsburgh, inflict on public attention must result from general primary causes.

Until recent years there were not many millionaires in Pittsburgh. The Lockhart family had become rich through Standard Oil. Andrew Carnegie made money out of iron and steel. The first Thaw had amassed a few million dollars by buying or building little railroads and selling them to the Pennsylvania. Besides these there were hardly any Pittsburgh millionaires. One brewer was worth more than a million dollars, and three or four second-rate iron and steel men made more annual profits than the interest on a million, but none of them dared leave business to go to Monte Carlo, and all got along with the wives who had married them when they were poor.

This Pittsburgh epidemic of domestic unhappiness, scandal and crime

is nature's retributive process, says a thoughtful American writer. It is what happens when a beggar is put on horseback. A man may know how to make steel rails or to puddle iron without being fitted to spend \$100,000 a year decently. Such a man as President Corey of the Steel Trust was probably happier when he was working in the Homestead mills and lived in a frame cottage renting for \$15 a month. He was more in his own sphere than when he gave a champagne supper at Delmonico's in celebration of his wife's divorcing him.

Men must either be educated by early environment in the handling of wealth, or they must have become rich gradually, or their heads must have exceeding hardness if they are not to be made wild by wealth. Spending money is a harder art to learn than earning money.

If the Pittsburgh millionaires had known established society in its different grades they might not be making such fools of themselves now. When the distribution of the speculative results of Mr. Morgan's great steel promotion makes them the prey of their own weakness suddenly unloosed.

The Wail of a Waitress.

He has not come—not ever since the day

He got so huffy that he went away Because I wouldn't promise not to gad.

I didn't know 'twas in him to stay mad, Though I said things I didn't oughter say.

He oughter knew that I was haf in play;

He'll have to wait till he is good and gray

Before I'll ever tell him I feel sad. He has not come.

He oughter think life ain't so very gay;

It ain't so easy cartin' this big tray! He was the only beau I ever had.

Oh, dear, I guess I got it pretty bad. How shall I know if he has went to stay?

He has not come!

—Smart Set.

Some of Mrs. Craigie's Epigrams.

A martyrdom nowadays would be called an advertisement.

When the heart has a certain measure of distress it is agitated and in revolt, but when it is full of woe and can contain no more, it is still, and its stillness passes for resignation to destiny.

It hurts terribly to be an egoist.

No man ever did a work in spite of persecution that he might not have done ten thousand times better if he had been encouraged.

People who wish to regard divine providence as an English gentleman of large fortune, perfect morals, an anxiety to frustrate the foreigner, and a wish to feed rather than to meet the poor, were disturbed by Firmadine's fear of God, which to some seemed superstition, and to others ill-advised.

Time answers questions by deadening all our faculties and sensations. I have been watching elderly men and women; they try to believe that they have gained wisdom. They have only lost the power of wondering.

A man will spend a lifetime quarreling with his own heart, whereas a woman can never believe that her heart may be in the wrong.

The choice of a career and the choice of a wife—the most important steps of a man's life—are accidents always.

Many people have excellent morals, but the most odious ways.

Perhaps he was romantic—the first condition of all unhappy persons.—From "The Dream and the Business."

"Sonata Tragica."

(To E. A. MacD.)

Dreamer in tones, whose mellifluous music wrought,

As Conna's Harp in Celtic days of yore,

With captive spell, must we hark nevermore

The melody thy wistful spirit caught From land and sea and sky and every spot

Of Beauty ineluctable, before The dumb, obscure, appalling Night closed o'er

Thy senses' pearly ports and left thee naught

Save vacant visitings? Ah, Dreamer, though The gods have veiled thine effluent phantasy,

We are thy homages, forever thrall To thy sweet song and music magical

Of winsome Woodland voices, and the low, Sad, poignant pulsings of the far-off opal Sea!

—J. D. Logan in "The Musician."

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Brown Study.

"How do you intend to have the study decorated, Mrs. Goldrocks?"

"I think I'll have it decorated in deep brown," replied Mrs. Goldrocks. "My husband always like to sit in a deep brown study."—Milwaukee "Sentinel."

How Reputations Are Made

THE names of two men, Machiavelli and Judge Jeffreys, were long cited as those of the most infamous persons of whose actions history has left a record. The Italian was whitewashed by Macaulay, and now Professor Churton Collins attempts to do the same for the Englishman. In an article in the "National Review," Professor Collins suggests that Jeffreys has been misjudged, and quotes an incident that occurred not many years ago:

"A small group had gathered round a picture in a public exhibition. There was no label attached to it, but a gentleman present told them that it was the portrait of a famous man, whose name would be very familiar to them all, and he would like to know if, as physiognomists, they could form any conception of his character. It was a frank, handsome, intellectual face, with a very pleasing expression.

"The company was unanimous in pronouncing its possessor to be a man of whose ability, honesty and kindness there could be no question.

"Upon being informed that it was the portrait of Judge Jeffreys, they expressed the liveliest surprise, and continued silently to scrutinize the features. In a few minutes one had discovered 'something sinister in the eyes'; another saw 'decided cruelty in the mouth'; 'the whole face,' observed a third, 'if you come to consider it attentively, is plainly indicative of a most brutal disposition.' At last, without one dissentient voice, the face was finally pronounced to be exactly the kind of face which would be likely to distinguish such a monster."

"To wed a portionless girl is not very characteristic of a hardened monster of iniquity; yet this is what Jeffreys did, and in circumstances that reflect great credit upon his heart. Not long after he was called to the Bar, he had paid his addresses to the daughter of a wealthy merchant without the knowledge of her parents, and, in this, had been assisted by the young lady's companion, a poor relation, and the daughter of a country clergyman. The affair becoming known to the father, the daughter was secured, and the companion dismissed and cast adrift on the world. In this unhappy plight she called on Jeffreys to inform him of what had happened. He thanked her for what she had done for him, and, pitying the misfortune she had incurred for his sake, asked her to be his wife. They were shortly afterwards married.

"Moreover, Jeffreys gave another indubitable sign of good nature, in that his sense of humor was keener than his sense of resentment. 'If your conscience,' he once rudely said to a man with a huge beard, 'is as big as your beard, you must be a rogue.' 'Nay,' retorted the fellow, referring to Jeffreys' smooth face, 'if your lordship goes about measuring consciences by beards, you have none at all.' Jeffreys answered with a hearty laugh. Nor was he less amused at a witness who, on being addressed by him, 'You fellow in the leatheren doublet, pray what have you for swearing?' replied with a significant look, 'If you have no more for lying than I have for swearing you might wear a leatheren doublet as well as I.'"

Hooray for the Spruce.

"The spruce," said E. Stewart, at a banquet in Vancouver, "is found all over Canada, the maple only within narrow limits."

Then Mr. Stewart, per the "Globe's" report, put in a plea "for the consideration of the spruce as the most appropriate emblem of Canada, despite the fact that Alexander Muir had immortalized the maple in his song."

"Hay," Hon. Nelson Monteith might say, "is found all over Canada, the spruce only within narrow limits."

Will nobody put in a plea for the consideration of the Tall Timothy as the most appropriate emblem of Canada, despite the fact that Mr. Stewart has immortalized the spruce in his speech?

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And Spruce Beer Canada's National Beverage.

The burden of Canada's National Anthem can then soar on the wings of song as follows:

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—Toronto "Telegram."

It would be easier to be content with little if nobody had any more.
—Life.

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The Chartreux Fathers' Liqueur.
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take a glass of this delicious Liqueur and you will be assured of perfect digestion.
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A two-tone green in rich dark shades, plain centre and broad Empire border. In every sense a handsome rug that will add beauty and dignity to any room.

A two-tone green in dainty shades, with centre panel and floral border, strong in Louis XV. feeling, perfectly blended, and toned suitable for drawing room, reception room or boudoir.

An Oriental block centre, with beautiful border, in true Oriental shades of fawn, brown, green and crimson, a well covered design which will give satisfactory service for almost any room.

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LIMITED

JOHN BUNYAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

THE cottage in which, according to tradition, John Bunyan was born, at Elstow, is reported to be much dilapidated, and a writer to a London paper suggests that it be purchased by the nation and preserved. The building is a typical little English cottage, a picture of which is printed in some lives of Bunyan. In a memoir of Bunyan, written as long ago as 1839, the Rev. Henry Stebbing complained that "the present occupants seem no more interested about Bunyan than any other of the villagers; they have no story to tell, no fancy or vision to describe

with reverent look; and the stranger is allowed to leave the cottage without having received the least encouragement to a guess in which room Bunyan was born, or on which side of the fire he used to sit, or whether there be a tree of any kind reported to be planted by his hand." This indifference to the fame of the Bedford tinker is, we fear, spreading, says the New York "Post." "Pilgrim's Progress" is not thumbed by the children of to-day so diligently as by those of a generation or two ago. In many families there is less distinct religious life, and the old line between "Sunday" reading and that which is appropriate for week days is rapidly fading. In this liberal

era the refined humor of "Buster Brown," and the "Katzenjammer Kids," is left to do the work once performed by Christian, Greatheart and Mr. Valiant-for-Truth. If ever we fall back into that stage of unsophisticated piety which makes it seem worth while for a man to glance at the pages of a good book at least once a week, "Pilgrim's Progress" must resume its primacy in Sunday reading. In the meantime a grant from the British treasury would seem superfluous. There must be many persons whose memory of happy Sunday afternoons spent on the road to the Celestial City will prompt them to subscribe a small sum for the preservation of Bunyan's birthplace.

WON BY MISTAKE

IN an early edition of "Baily's Magazine" the Hon. Francis Lawley tells a story which most strikingly illustrates the uncertainty of the turf and the difficulty of making anything like accurate forecasts, says the "Sporting Life" of London. It would be hard to find a more remarkable instance of the way in which, with the best of all conceivable means of judging, an owner and his associates have judged wrongly. Here is the story:

"The Stewards' cup, at Goodwood, founded in 1840, was a race at which Lord George Bentinck always aimed. It was his ambition to win it in 1843 with African, whom he backed for a very large sum, and who started first favorite, at 3 to 1. On the day before the race Lord George's confederate, the late Duke of Richmond, resolved that he would start his four-year-old mare Belena for the Stewards' cup, although she had been tried as being slightly inferior to African at the weights. They were, however, so near together that Belena was thought to be dangerous, and Lord George was obliged to back her, partly to cover his outlay on African and also to make her a good winner, and here let me add that I cannot in the least understand what the Duke meant or anticipated.

"However, at the last moment it unfortunately occurred to Lord George that he had backed The Whaler—a three-year-old belonging to the Duke of Richmond—heavily for the Goodwood stakes, and that Kitchener, who then weighed less than three stone, was to ride him. Thinking that it would give the little boy confidence if before the Goodwood Stakes he had a mount in another big field, Lord George desired John Kent to send for Yorkshire Lady, and to start her with Kitchener on her back. Yorkshire Lady was a four-year-old, handicapped at six stone four pounds in the Stewards' cup, but having been amiss she was totally untrained. "A boy was immediately despatched on John Kent's hack to the stables at Goodwood, and he galloped back to the course on Yorkshire Lady as hard as she could lay her legs to the ground. With her ordinary shoes on her feet and blowing like a gale, as she had been fed and watered, she was just in time to get to the starting post with Kitchener up before the flag fell. There were several false starts, during which Yorkshire Lady regained her wind, and to the horror of Lord George the end of the race resolved itself into a struggle between Yorkshire Lady and Belena, the former winning by half a length."

What is Success?

What is success? To gain a share of gold?
To have one's wealth in envious accents told?
To see one's picture flaunted in the press?
Ah, there be those who label this success.

What is success? To win a little fame?
To hear a fickle world applaud your name?
To be accounted as a genius? Yes, And there be those who label this success.

But have we not another standard still
To judge a man of character and will?
Are gold and fame the only measures tried?
In all the world is there no test beside?

Ah, yes. The man who meets, with courage grim,
The daily duties that devolve on him,
The petty, mean, heart breaking cares that tire
The patient soul that never may aspire—

How'er so cramped the field wherein
He has not failed—the man who never shirks,
The man who toils for you without a break,
And treads the path of pain for others' sake.

There are a myriad of such men to-day,
Who, all unnoted, walk the dolorous way—
Upon their shoulders still the cross may press,
But who will say they have not won success?

—Denis A. McCarthy.

Comes Near It.

Knicker—Half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives.
Bocker—No; but it has grave suspicions.—New York "Sun."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BOOTHE—Toronto, October 18, Mrs. Charles Boothe, a son.
DEAN—Toronto, October 20, Mrs. E. Sterling Dean, a daughter.
JACOBI—Toronto, October 21, Mrs. Emil T. Jacobi, a son.
WINTON—Toronto, October 22, Mrs. A. C. Winton, a daughter.

Marriages.

LAING—McCALL—On Wednesday, October 24, 1906, at Trinity Church, Simcoe, Ont., by the Rev. Richard Hicks, rural dean, Stanley Orton Laing of Montreal to Jessie Isa-

ARTISTIC DINING-ROOMS

THERE is no room in the house more important than the dining-room. It gives the "home-tone," as you might call it, to the entire residence. It should not only afford pleasing surroundings for yourself, but for those whom you invite as friends, as well. In the dining-room there is more leisure to study and enjoy the artistic scheme and finish of the decorations and furnishings. You should consider the criticism as well as the pleasure of those who share your hospitality, by having an artistic dining-room.

The United Arts and Crafts have opened a new room in their Studio, and invite those who are interested in the furnishing art to call and see some new effects in dining-room equipment.

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95 Shirvan Rugs, worth \$15 to \$20; your choice for \$13.50 each.

200 Antique, Silky Persian Rugs, 6x3 and 8x5, worth \$30 to \$50; your choice at \$25 each.

350 Silky, Anatolian Door Mats, worth from \$3 to \$5; Special at \$2 each.

Out-of-the-city customers may have rugs sent on approval. All customers are welcome to our disinterested advice regarding the most suitable rugs for their particular purposes.

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CHOCOLATES

99 kinds.

bella, daughter of Alex. McCall, Simcoe, Ont.
KYLE—JONES—Toronto, October 20, Florence Jones to James Kyle.
LENNOX—BAILEY—Toronto, October 17, Louise Bailey to John Lennox.

RODGERS—KIRKPATRICK—Toronto, October 23, Lilian May Kirkpatrick to Ashmead Grey Rodgers.

Deaths.

BROWN—Toronto, October 24, Mrs. George Brown.
KEMP—Toronto, October 21, Mrs. Emma Cory Kemp.
O'LOUGHLIN—Toronto, October 23, John Myles O'Loughlin.
YOUNG—At Galt, on Saturday, October 20, Hazel May Young, daughter of the late L. B. Young, interred in the family plot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Monday October 22.

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Society at the Capital

His Excellency Lady Grey, accompanied by the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey and Mr. Leveson-Gower, Comptroller of the Household, arrived in Ottawa on Tuesday afternoon, after an absence extending over some months, and were present during the evening at the performance in the Russell Theater of "The Besses o' the Barn" Band. His Excellency Lord Grey, with his private secretary, Mr. Arthur F. Sladen, remained behind for a few days at Poplar Point, near Brandon, as Senator Kirchhoffer's guest, to enjoy some of the excellent duck-shooting there.

Major Poynter, the new aide-de-camp to His Excellency, who has come to take the place of Captain Trotter, has arrived in Ottawa, the latter having sailed the week before last, to rejoin his regiment in England. Captain Newton, A.D.C., has returned from a two months' visit to the Motherland, so Government House will now again assume its usual air of hospitality.

Great interest is being evinced at present in the fact that His Excellency has announced that he will present a musical and theatrical trophy to be competed for during the week, from January 28 to February 2, 1907. The principal features will be skating, musical and theatrical competitions, in which representatives from every province in the Dominion may participate. At present committees of management for the various branches are being organized, and His Excellency has appointed Mr. F. C. T. O'Hara, private secretary to the Right Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright, as the honorary secretary. Several prominent military and musical men in the Capital will also lend their valuable aid in carrying out and bringing to perfection this excellent enterprise, which is certain to meet with general approbation from every part of the Dominion.

Golf has been engaging the lion's share of attention from both old and young during the gloriously bright and warm weather we have been enjoying for the past month, to the detriment of anything in the way of indoor social entertainments, which have been unusually few in number during the past week.

On Monday a team of lady golfers from Montreal visited the Capital to play a friendly match with our local Ladies' Golf Club, the latter being inhospitable enough to beat them by nine points. However, they made up for this lack of hospitality by entertaining the visitors "right royally" at a charming luncheon at the Golf Club, and later in the afternoon a very delightful tea was given at the clubhouse by Mrs. Drummond Hogg and Mrs. J. G. Foster, when Mrs. W. E. Hodgins and Mrs. Wilson Southam performed the more arduous portion of the afternoon's duties at the tea-table. Beautifully tinted autumn foliage was artistically arranged in place of the usual flower decorations, and was very effective. The Montreal visitors included Mrs. Whitehead, president; Miss Smith, captain; Mrs. Hodgson, Mrs. A. Mussen, Mrs. C. Mussen, Mrs. Rains, Mrs. Greenshields, Miss Greene, Miss M. Taylor, Miss A. Taylor, Mrs. Laing, and Miss Towne. Their Ottawa opponents in the match were: Mrs. Hugh Fleming, Mrs. Sydney Smith, Mrs. Mackerell, Mrs. P. D. Ross, Mrs. J. A. D. Holbrook, Mrs. Travers Lewis, Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mrs. Hansard, Miss Sparks, Mrs. C. N. Sparks and Mrs. Charles Read. The delightful weather was in part answerable for the fact that all the members of the club, with very few exceptions, were present to participate in a thoroughly enjoyable gathering at a truly charming spot.

Another match on Wednesday, this time purely local, was the occasion of a second tea at the Golf Club, on the conclusion of the play, when Mrs. Wilson Southam and Mrs. Frank Grierson made a duet of charming hostesses. As before, branches of brightly tinted autumn leaves were used as decorations, and Mrs. Charles Read and Miss Hilda Dawson presided at the tea and coffee urns. Her Excellency Lady Grey and Lady Sybil Grey graced the occasion with their presence, both looking extremely well after their long Western trip. Other guests present included both active and passive members of the club.

On the same afternoon Mrs. Frederick Kingston of Charlotte street entertained at the tea hour, in honor of the Misses Jessie and Marion Scarth, who have been spending a few weeks in town with their mother, Miss Jessie Scarth, accompanied by Mrs. Scarth, returned to New York on Sunday, to remain for the winter. Miss Marion is remaining in Ottawa to pay her cousin, Mrs. Glyn Osler, a visit.

One of the bright little events of the week was a dinner given on Tuesday by Colonel and Mrs. Irwin as a farewell entertainment for their son, Mr. Roy Irwin, who, after spending the past two or three months at the School of Musketry at Rockliffe, left on Wednesday for the Citadel at

Quebec. The guests on this occasion were Major and Mrs. Panet, Miss Dorothy White, Miss Pansy Mills, Miss Nora Lewis, Miss Clara Oliver, Miss Ruth Sherwood, Captain Hill, Mr. Gilman, Mr. Constantine and Mr. George Hamilton.

Lady Laurier left on Tuesday for a visit to New York, and, in Montreal, was joined by Madame J. T. B. Casgrain and her two daughters, the Misses Casgrain, who accompanied her to New York, where the party will remain for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. J. Lewis Burnand, formerly Miss Muriel Church, held her post-nuptial reception on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, and was favored with two most beautiful days and a long stream of visitors. The pretty apartments in Metcalfe street, occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Burnand, are very artistically arranged, and the hostess' dainty gown of pale pink and blue Dresden silk harmonized beautifully with the surroundings. American Beauties in the reception room and yellow roses on the tea-table were abundant. Mrs. Henri Ami and Mrs. Ogilvie poured tea and coffee, and were assisted in handing edibles and ices to the many callers by Miss Lilius Ahearn, Mrs. A. E. Frapp, Miss Klein of New York and Miss Maud Burbridge.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, October 22, 1907.

CULTURED BOSTON.

Opportunities There for Music Study Are Very Great.

Boston is noted for many things other than its beans. It is the center of culture in all branches of art, and its opportunities for music study in particular are very great. The Faelton Piano School of Boston is well known among the educational institutions of Massachusetts, and graduates therefrom have an excellent standing. One of these, Miss Olive E. Sorrick, a concert pianiste of excellent taste, has been giving a series of recitals in Western Canada, which have been very successful. She has been much pleased with her trip, and when interviewed recently in Cardston, Alberta, said: "It is with much pleasure that I express my appreciation of the Gourlay piano, and the satisfaction this instrument gave me in my musical recitals through Western Canada. I find the Gourlay piano well constructed, prettily designed and with a quality of tone unexcelled in any other instrument I have used. The foundation is good and the volume full and sweet. I am sure that the Gourlay piano will stand the test when compared with any of the first-class instruments of the continent."

Some Strange Fuels.

"I have eaten mutton cooked on a fire of broken mummy," said the sailor. "It was in Egypt, and the mummy was stolen out of a tomb. The natives are always stealin' mummies. They sell them in pieces to tourists, and what pieces they can't dispose of otherwise they throw into the bin for fuel."

"Mummy burns like tinder, but it's a ghastly fuel. It is as ghastly a fuel as the shoe lasts what they burn in the shoemakin' towns of Lynn, where the old fashioned and discarded lasts, glowin' in the grates, look to you like amputated human limbs."

"I have been in tannery towns where the fuel is leather chips. This fuel smells and smokes. It clinkers, too, formin' itself into big, solid chunks what have to be broke up with the poker every little while."

"In British Columbia, where fish is as plentiful as air, they burn dried fish when there's no wood handy. The oil in the fish causes them to burn well, but the smell of this fish fuel ain't to no white man's taste."—New Orleans "Times-Democrat."

An Interesting Exhibit.

Those who appreciate the artistic in photography, the touch of idealism that adds grace and beauty to the commonplace, should not fail to see the pictures at the Kennedy Studio, 107 King street west, that received such high honors at Niagara Falls. Mr. Kennedy's work is strong in its portrayal of character and likeness and extremely happy in its artistic qualities. Apropos of which its value as a holiday gift is apparently coming to be appreciated more and more.

Appreciative Critic.

"I understand your wife lectured you for an hour last night."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "She told me about a few of my faults."

"Didn't it annoy you?"

"In a way. You see when a woman of Henrietta's gifts condescends to make a speech it does seem a shame to have such a small audience."—Washington "Star."

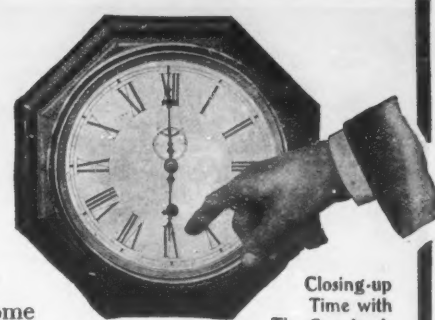
Thought She Was Cheated.

"This isn't the pie I ordered," observed the pretty girl.

"You said green apple pie, didn't you?" asked the waiter.

"Yes, I did," said the girl, "but these apples are perfectly white."—Detroit "Free Press."

The Office Clock Story

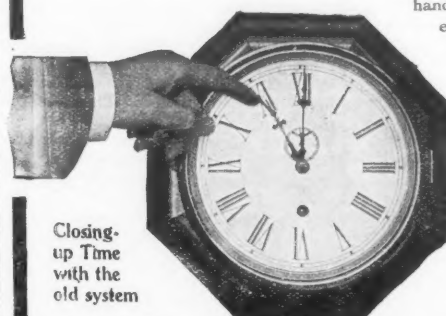


It's the office clock that can tell the story—knows just how many tiresome hours are spent at night over the books in a vain endeavor to get them up to date; or can tell of a cheerful staff leaving on the hour with all work completed.

What story will your office clock tell?

A Copeland-Chatterson System will adjust the hands of the office clock; will make closing up time right, and will enable you to say just how your business is progressing or to find quickly the record you require and despatch promptly your customers' accounts.

It doesn't matter whether it's wholesale, manufacturing, retail, financial or a professional business, we have systems for any one of them that will simplify and make methodical the accounting—facilitating the general work of handling business details. Write us to-day—one of our experts is somewhere near you, and he knows the systematizing business down to the ground.



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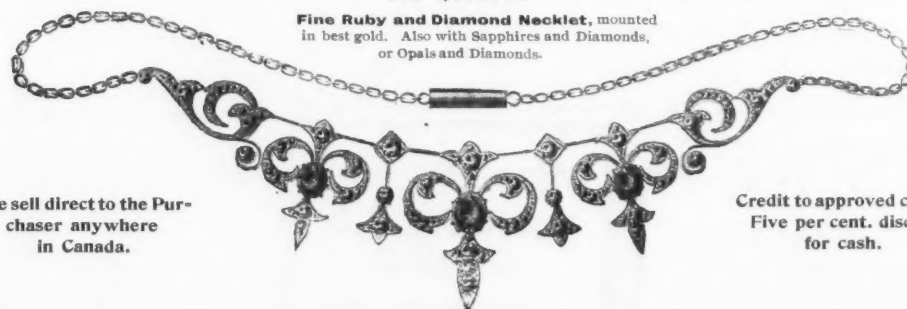
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THE MONARCH type bar hits the right thing in the right way in the right place and keeps on doing it and hence the Monarch Typewriter is the typewriter of the present and of the future.

The MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY, LIMITED

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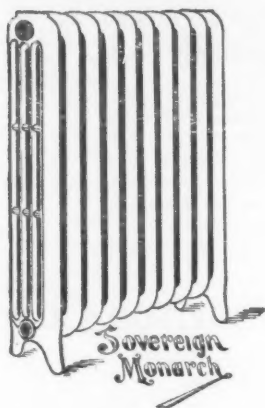




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Is it going to give off a maximum amount of heat for the coal burned on its account?

As far as appearance go, Sovereign Radiators will claim your choice on sight. And when you come to examine the construction you will find they have every substantial merit as well.

Sovereign Radiators are made in plain and ornamental designs to fit any floor or wall area, window, corner, or column in a home or building. The variety is so wide that there is a design of Sovereign Radiator to harmonize with any plan of house decoration.

Look at the screwed nipples in the Sovereign—the large connections and the smooth castings—the extended heating surface—and remember that these points of excellence go only with the Sovereign Radiator.

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Makers also of the Sovereign Hot Water Boilers
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"STYLE"

is a hard word to define.

The dictionary makers have wrestled with it for a long time without hitting upon just the right definition.

How then can we describe the style of the clothes we produce?

We can't.

You'll have to give us a trial and thus

SEE FOR YOURSELF
Regan & McConkey
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and fancy starch work
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There is no other salt
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It is absolutely pure—
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There is complete recuperation in a Turkish bath, a dainty supper and a good bed in a quiet room in Cook's Turkish Baths. After a week's traveling there is nothing like it to pull a man together. The most scientific, hygienic and perfectly arranged bath on the continent. It is cosy and quiet, the atmosphere is homelike, the attendance is first-class.

Cook's Turkish Baths
202-204 King Street West, Toronto

The Investor.

Concluded from page 5.

might be written respecting Sir William Macdonald and his peculiarities. In a business deal he would beat a man down to the last fraction of a cent, and the next moment give his cheque for a million dollars to McGill. It is very doubtful if he would part with a five-cent piece to keep a man from actual starvation, and on the other hand he spends goodness knows how many hundreds of thousands of dollars founding an agricultural college. No argument under heaven would stir Sir William and make him part with a cent if the notion did not strike him in just the right spot; and, above all, he will not be bluffed. Once upon a time a valued customer, a wholesale grocer, entered the Tobacco King's private office soliciting for some good cause or other. "Of course, Sir William, you will give \$500!" "No," said Sir William very quietly. "But you will give \$200!" exclaimed the wholesale grocer in dismay. "No," replied the little Scotchman, who never wastes words any more than he does money. Then the solicitor grew indignant, and reminded the millionaire that this was something of a personal affair, and also that he was a large customer of the Macdonald factory. Finally growing hot under the collar, the wholesaler threatened to withdraw his business. "Do I understand you to say that you wish to close your account with us?" said Sir William, with not even a shade of heat in his manner. The bluff of the wholesaler was called, for the Tobacco King requested his manager in the next room to make up the gentleman's account to date, and present it forthwith. Now, it so happened that this wholesale grocer could not do business without Sir William's tobaccos, and he was obliged to crawl there and then. Years ago when a fire killed and injured a number of Sir William Macdonald's workmen, and it was later on proven that the means of egress were insufficient in his factory, endeavors were made to collect damages without going into court. Not a single cent was forthcoming, however. Sir William fought every case to the bitter end. He must have known that every law court in the land would have given judgment against him for those dead and maimed people. Did he endeavor to settle? No, not one dollar. Suit after suit was brought, most of them for \$1,999.99, so that they could not be taken to the Privy Council, and in every instance he was obliged eventually to pay up. Many of these cases might have been adjusted for a trifle as compared with what he was eventually obliged to pay his lawyers, along with the other expenses of the suits, not to speak of the public indignation against him which the whole affair created. But no, that was not his way. He preferred to spend thousands in fighting a case to the finish rather than give a few hundreds to a man or a woman maimed for life in the factory where he had piled up his millions. Sir William Macdonald has showered his gold upon McGill University to the extent probably of some four million dollars. He has constructed buildings, and in them he has placed machinery until now the department of Applied Science at McGill is the envy of the continent and of the world. He is giving, giving, giving all the time to McGill; ask him for a dollar for charity, and he would look at you with his cold grey eye and refuse.

A branch of the Crown Bank of Canada has been opened at Bath during the week.

Few Stuttering Women.

"Did you ever see a woman who stuttered?"
"No, now I come to think of it, I never did."
"They are very rare," said the physician. "I think it is safe to say that the average person passes through life without ever meeting a stuttering woman."
"There are two reasons for this. First, woman naturally—I don't know why—is less liable to the disease of stammering than man. Second, if she develops this disease, she sets out with determination to cure herself, and she succeeds; whereas careless man, rather than take the trouble of a cure, will go stammering on to the end."—St. Louis "Globe-Democrat."

The Retort Generous.

It is the custom in the Yellowstone Park to cheerily salute everybody met with in the stage trip. The spokesman of our party addressed a Government Irishman on horse-back and smoking:
"The top of the morning to you, Pat."

Pat snatched the pipe out of his face and flashed back:
"And the rist of the day to yersilf, sor," as he passed along.

A Convenient New York Train.

Leaves Toronto daily at 6.10 p.m., with through Pullman Sleeper, via Grand Trunk and Lehigh Valley, and cafe parlor car to Buffalo. Make reservations at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

His Curiosity Aroused.

Randolph—I have saved up over two thousand dollars during the last three years without pinching myself.
Sylvester—Good! Did you accomplish it without pinching the other fellow?—"Smart Set."

A NEW CLEAR HAVANA CIGAR

We have lately introduced a new Cuban make Clear Havana Cigar "BRIDAL BOUQUET," that for fine quality and workmanship has never been equalled by any cigar of its kind in Canada.

"BRIDAL BOUQUETS" are sold in four sizes:

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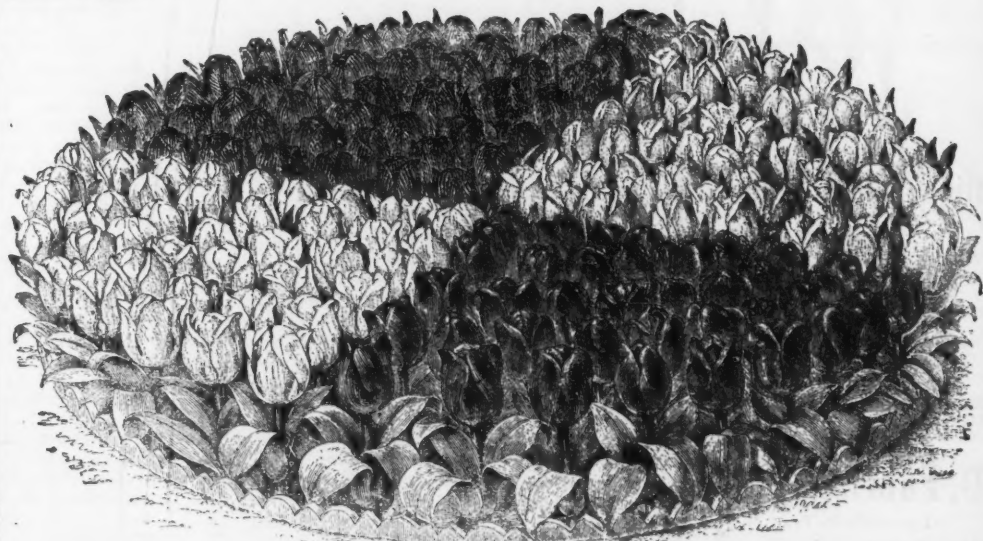
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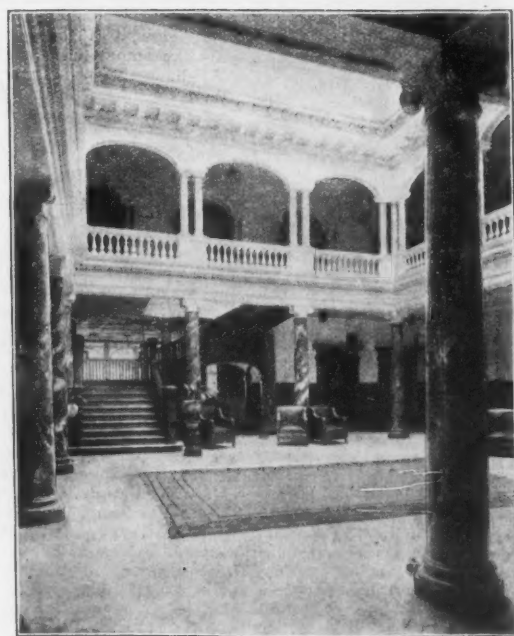
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